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The Pacific.

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ROME.

ROME, SEPT. 20, 1888.

EDITORS PACIFIC: I have longed for many years to see the ancient city of Rome, the city so rich in historic lore, so full of Bible associations, so full of Paul, for one can hardly go in any direction without seeing something to remind him of this great apostle. As Rome was not built in a day, neither can it be done in a day, nor in a week. To go the entire round of the "sights" would require at least ten times seven days.

Out of the twenty-one days spent in Italy, seven of them were spent in Rome where I have learned more than in any other city yet visited. I have seen no city where there seems to be such a transformation going on, and that with a vigor which surprises me. Under the new regime the city is being so rapidly revolutionized and "reconstructed" that the tourist who depends on the latest published descriptions is likely to exclaim, "Roma! Roma! Non e piu com'era!" A new Rome is fast rising, especially on the Quirinal and the Esquiline, with broad and handsome streets lined with modern mansions—a city of the nineteenth century confronting the medieval metropolis and the more ancient classic ruins. Monasteries and convents are being appropriated for secular uses—for schools, barracks or Government offices—and one cannot predict where the next changes of the kind may be made. Of all the places we have visited in sunny Italy Rome seems to be the one pre-eminently situated for the capital, located, as she is, in the center of the kingdom, upon her seven hills, overlooking the swift-flowing Tiber, the domes and spires of over three hundred and sixty-five churches looming up from every hill-top, surrounded by massive stone walls of fifteen miles in circuit, with twelve gates, where the Roman soldier still stands guard to watch carefully everything which comes in and goes out. We were disappointed in the Tiber, which is not as large as we had fancied. It is swift and in some places deep. It is crossed by seven bridges; some quite modern. The river divides the city into two unequal parts. The smaller, on the right bank, is called the Leonine city, and Transtevere. The modern city is built upon the old Campus Martius, lying along the banks of the Tiber to the north of the seven hills which formed the site of ancient Rome. The population is 300,400, including the suburbs. To-day is the eighteenth anniversary of the entry of the Italian army into Rome, when the city was taken from the Roman Church. Flags are flying all over, and this afternoon a large and enthusiastic procession, headed by some of the best bands here, are parading the streets with banners and flags flying. There is no doubt that the Pope and the Church have not that same hold upon Rome that they once had, and that it may yet be redeemed is earnestly desired by all true Christians. In the evening the Piazza Colonna, near our hotel, is crowded with people. The square is lighted with electric lamps; in the center is the band stand where the largest and best band in the city, numbering between seventy and eighty pieces, have their summer open-air concerts. This evening they were the recipients of round after round of applause as they played the national airs. The Pope is seldom seen outside of the Vatican. One of the first places we visited was St. Peter's, which is regarded as one of the chief lions here. Your correspondent, like many others, could not realize what a vast structure it is until he had visited it several times, walked around, through it and across it; then, on Thursday (for that is the only day it is open) we were permitted to ascend to the dome, and later to the balcony, which will hold sixteen persons. The sight from the upper or main gallery is grand. If I could have but one hour in Rome, give me that hour on St. Peter's, where you have all of Rome before you. We also visited the Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and a score or more of churches, Forum, the Colosseum, the Palace of the Caesars and the Baths of Caracalla.

On Sunday we were somewhat surprised at the large number of Protestant churches we had to select from to attend. Early in the morning we attended several of the Roman Catholic churches during the observance of high mass, which is performed with special musical and other accessories, and the crowds which assemble in these great Basilicas on these occasions often present a remarkable spectacle. Among the Protestant churches here may be mentioned the English Episcopal Church and the Free Presbyterian, both outside the Porta del Popolo, which is outside the walls. There is a Trinity church (Episcopal), an American Baptist, also an English Baptist, also an English and American Methodist church, and American Church Episcopal, situated on the Via Nazionale. We visited Father Gavazzi's school at 43 Via Panico, also Sig. Buffo's church on the Via Nazionale, also the church of St.

Clement, where there has been discovered three churches, one built upon another; the third structure, the lowest, is thought to be the very house of St. Clement, the fellow-laborer of Paul, and the third Bishop of Rome. We visited the Scala Santa, a flight of 28 marble steps, reputed to be from the house of Pilate, and to have been trodden by the feet of Jesus. There were six priests and three women in the act when we arrived. We did not have time to go up that way if we had thought it was our duty to, but went up by one of the side flights, in the natural way. I could tell you of many other places visited, like the Catacombs, the Appian Way, but have not the time; and I fear if I did, it would only be a repetition of many things which the readers of THE PACIFIC are already acquainted with; so I will close my epistle from Rome. (Rom. x:1.) Yours cordially,

E. C. GILBERT.

REPETITION.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

I fear that I may sometimes repeat myself, definitely and literally, in these weekly contributions to the columns of THE PACIFIC, not keeping such memoranda always as should prevent such error.

And this apprehension leads me to remark that such error is not always a practical evil, but may give added emphasis and impressiveness to the truth communicated—the lesson dwelt upon.

There is a prejudice against the repetition of the processes of thought, and their forms of expression, as revealing a narrow range of power on the part of the author, soon exhausted, and a reflection upon the intelligence of the reader or hearer, requiring such charity in the beams of light and the voices of truth. In this view, it is as though the utterance imparted must be given twice over to match the darkness of the mind addressed, and make an abiding deposit in his acquisitions. But there are some other views to be taken of the practice, which may qualify the wisdom of its adoption.

How fleeting and transient a form and testimony of truth and feeling must that be for which one utterance suffices, and which we may then leave in undisturbed silence; and how absolute the claim of imperative thinking and feeling to a renewal of speech that shall stamp them in legible abiding upon the soul!

And our own convictions of truth and emotion would seem to be slender and slight if a single and solitary reference to them suffice for our loyalty to their sovereign importance.

And in how many relations and fellowships of life is the emphasis of repetition made to express the intensity of our belief and our sensibility in the range of thought and feeling on which our spirit broods?

When does one lesson of a parent's tuition suffice in his view for the instruction he would impart to his child?

When does one announcement of a divine message relieve the responsibility of a religious teacher who would guide his auditors along the highway of life and light?

When, in the prosecution of their sacred labors, does a single call to faith and duty convey the whole earnestness of arousing and persuading?

When does the warmth of social love and friendship breathe out its satisfying ardor, either to the subject or the object by the use of a single sentence or paragraph, the soul overflowing with its fullness of craving and longing?

It would seem that in all the more prominent and precious ties of our being this privilege of repetition is invaluable for the effects and issues to which our ruling passions and affections are devoted.

Let us not, therefore, fear criticism when we seek to secure that which is dearest to us from those with whom we are in fellowship by bringing the pressure of repetition to bear upon their intelligence and sensibility!

By the *Oregonian* we learn that Mr. Moody's meetings at Victoria have been very successful. For two weeks they have been held in the mornings and afternoons in the various churches, and in the evenings in the rink, which has been filled night after night. "The entire city of Victoria was moved by the preaching of this man of God, and the influence of the meeting has penetrated far into the country adjacent." A week ago last Saturday Mr. Moody, with his two helpers, Mr. Studd and Mr. Winslow, sailed for Vancouver, where they were to hold meetings for a week.

The *Advance* of November 1st reports the retirement of Rev. Dr. F. A. Noble from its editorship. Rev. Drs. Simeon Gilbert and Charles F. Thwing and Rev. J. A. Adams now constitute its editorial staff, with Mr. H. S. Harrison as General Manager. Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith will prepare the *Advance* notes on the Sunday-school lessons for the coming year. His notes will be valuable.

BELIEF CENTRAL.

Belief is one of the strongest forces in man. Jesus taught every learner to study faith; to lay hold of facts by faith; to weigh evidence, and cling by faith to the best proofs of a subject. And on his highest claim—that is, his relation to God the Father—he said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." (John v: 24.) Here the everlasting life is held by a belief—not by a love; not by a hope; not by good deeds; but by "believing on Him that sent me." This believing disarms condemnation. This belief is the passing from death unto life. Love and good works follow or result from this belief.

He added: "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live." These plain words were believed or denied by every learner. No one could fail to decide for him, or against him. His next words called for more positive belief or more positive denial. "For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself; and hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man." In these words Jesus claims to have the power of life and of death, and the execution of judgment in his hands. Had he a right to claim of every one so great a faith, unless he had the proof, for every hearer? If he had the proof he challenged the hearer's faith by as much more as every new claim exceeded the last. Yet he stops not, but makes still higher demands on their faith. "Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." These words are plain even to a child. They mean what they say. They cannot be covered up or set aside. They stand for belief or denial. He who believes them to be true will heed their warning. He who denies their truth will not heed their warning. They raised the question of faith, and compelled an answer. No one, young or old, could then avoid a decision for himself or herself personally. No one can ever escape that decision for or against the words of Jesus the moment he hears them. Jesus shuts the soul to this alternative. The conscious soul must receive or reject the message, and abide by the results of his decision and be the witness of its own choice. Herein its future good or ill is poised upon its belief, because it will act out its belief or its unbelief.

Jesus knew the vast scope and force, in this life and the next, of his own words, and seemed to stand in awe of the outlook both ways, yet he took back not a word. He seemed to pause and look up and point to his authority and duty in the case, saying: "I can of mine own self do nothing; as I hear I judge, and my judgment is just, because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father, which hath sent me." I am his messenger to man. I am his voice. "If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true." The law of evidence demands more than man's testimony in a case so great as the life or death of a soul. Here the human mind needs strongest evidence, even irresistible proof. There is another that beareth witness of me; and I know that the witness which he witnesseth of is true. It accords with the highest law of evidence, and must be accepted in the central realm of reason and conscience. "Ye sent unto John, and he bore witness unto the truth. But I receive not testimony from man, but these things I say, that ye might be saved. He was a burning and a shining light, and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light. But I have greater witness than that of John, for the works which the Father hath given me to finish—the same works that I do—bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." This whole discourse of Jesus was an appeal to faith on evidence given. It is one of the many examples of his appeals to the faith of his hearers. He aimed to win believers, and every one who believed became a new man, and a new proof also of his truth. Belief precedes every act in life. No man steps, or speaks, or plans, until he believes that he can step, or speak, or plan. If faith precedes the material actions of life, how much more the spiritual!

Nicodemus confessed for himself and his fellow judges of the Jewish court that they all knew that no man could do what Jesus did except God be with him. This was an honest confession. It was this conviction which Jesus strove to implant in the people by all that he taught and did among them. He aimed to win, through a growing faith, a character like his own. He never to the last moment lost sight of this object. It was to be the silent and increasing force for

the upbuilding of his kingdom on earth. As he drew near the cross, his teachings and appeals on this point became more intense and commanding. "Have faith in God," was one of his last appeals. If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say to this mountain, "Be thou removed," and it should obey you. His appeal was for supreme faith. "Ye believe in God; believe also in me." "Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

It takes a mighty faith to do a mighty work. Simple as our Lord's words were, they grasped the most mighty themes and wrought the grandest results. It is no trifle to enlist a soul for God. It cannot be done without the constant culture of such faith as Jesus wrought in his followers, one by one.

If we, in these later times, expect to do much for souls, it must be by the constant discipline upon proof in the grandest measures of belief in the great truths which Jesus taught. Herein must be our study in pulpit and pew; in the house and by the way; in the family and in the Sabbath-school. We gain nothing by low standards, but lose force and opportunity by such methods. The signs of the times call for more beliefs, instead of less, and their stronger, not weaker, grasp.

G. H. ATKINSON.

THE GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS.

The great Shoshone Falls are among the wonders of Southern Idaho. A visit to them is more than worth the time, trouble and expense involved. Leaving Pocatello on the Oregon Short Line at 1:30 A. M., we arrived at the town of Shoshone about four hours later. Here our party, consisting of five persons, was taken in charge by the faithful "Dave," as careful a driver as ever handled the ribbons. The ride to the falls is twenty-six miles, and over a lava bed. It behooves one to take this ride before the luminary of day gets very seriously at work. The country we rode over is worthy of a geologist's attention. We saw what seemed to our unscientific eyes the craters of several extinct volcanoes, the one nearest the road entering the Snake river gorge being the largest. This was fully 100 yards across, and at least 80 feet deep. The sides of this caldron looked as though they had been scarred and blackened by a thousand fierce infernal fires. The grandeur of the sight as one enters the gorge at Shoshone Falls is simply indescribable. The road is swung on the side of the mountain. The slope of said highway is about forty-five degrees. When at the top of the cliff, one is not less than a thousand feet from the bottom of the valley. We all, without invitation, got out and walked the three-quarters of a mile down the incline. Conveyance, horses and all were ferried across the river on a large scow. As the ferry is only 300 or 400 yards above the cataract, its roar is somewhat startling. Our apprehensions, as to what might become of us should the rope part, were allayed by the assurance that the boat was held by two strong cables. The river at the ferry is over 200 feet deep. The hotel, the only human habitation nearer than twelve miles, is located within fifty feet of the edge of the precipice. It has Prospect point in its immediate front. In the hotel one feels the vibration produced by the falling water. A careless, reckless or light-headed person should not ramble around the Shoshone Falls. A single misstep is apt to result in death. Visiting the points thereabouts involves more or less danger. From Prospect point you get a front view of the falls. What a grand sight it is! They are 950 feet wide, and all the water of the mighty Snake river here makes a desperate plunge of 210 feet! To describe the scene is an impossibility! After a couple of hours' rest, we went on foot to behold the sights. Fortunately, these are quite near.

The Devil's Flues are well named. These are a couple of ugly holes, through which we can see the river, some 800 feet below. We then started to descend into the canyon. As the trail goes almost straight down 850 feet, this is a task requiring strong arms and a steady courage. Two stages of the journey are taken on ladders. After leaving these, you must trust yourself to the cable. Once at the bottom you feel more than repaid for your exertion. If your tastes run that way, you may here find good fishing.

Diana's cave and bath is a charming spot. The cave is formed by the junction of two cliffs. The bath is a basin, which the constant drip of water has hollowed in the solid rock. The water, long before it reaches the bath, becomes spray. Be sure and drink of this water, for it is more refreshing than either Waukesha or Vichy. The vaulted dome must be fully two hundred feet above the floor. One of our party was so enthusiastic over the good qualities of the water found in the cave, he declared he would revisit the place for the express purpose of making tea of it. The going up was

not nearly so trying as the going down. Lovers' Leap was also visited. This is a sharp point seventy-five feet above the falls, and on a line with the face of the cascade. We were told that some fifty years ago an Indian brave and maiden here took the leap that gave the point its name. However, our party were very skeptical as to the truth of this romantic story. A little to the right of Lovers' Leap is a place that might be called, with propriety, the Giant's Cradle. It is a safe place from which to view the grandeur by which one is surrounded. The Bridal Veil, the Bridal Train and Horse Tail Falls, the Mill Race, Eagle Rock, Cedar, Walagamotts and Bell's islands can all be seen from here. The falls just mentioned are an hundred yards or more above the main cataract. Bridal Veil is the most important, that being 82 feet high and 122 feet wide. The scenery in the immediate vicinity is of the wildest description. Dewey's Bluff is 1,050 feet above the water; Creighton's Bluff 750 and Clark's Point 600. One of the party had visited Niagara, and declared, upon the whole, the Shoshone Falls the grander sight of the two. The writer has beheld some fine scenery, but for sublimity gives these falls the precedence.

REV. W. H. BONNELL.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss LUCY M. FAY, 901 Sutter Street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. R. E. COLE, 572 Twelfth St. Oakland, Cal.

NOTICE.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Young Ladies' branch of the Woman's Board of the Pacific will be held in the First Congregational church, Oakland, on Saturday, November 17th, at 2.30, P. M.

AMY KERRELL,

Recording Secretary.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

[Paper of the Home Secretary, Mrs. I. E. Dwinell, read at the fifteenth anniversary of the Woman's Board of the Pacific held at the Hotel de Ville, San Francisco, Nov. 3, 1888.]

Woman's work for woman has been a long and arduous task. It has been a work of love and sacrifice, and it has been a work of faith and hope. It has been a work of courage and endurance, and it has been a work of patience and perseverance. It has been a work of wisdom and discretion, and it has been a work of strength and valor. It has been a work of kindness and gentleness, and it has been a work of justice and equity. It has been a work of mercy and compassion, and it has been a work of truth and honesty. It has been a work of peace and harmony, and it has been a work of love and affection. It has been a work of hope and faith, and it has been a work of courage and endurance. It has been a work of wisdom and discretion, and it has been a work of strength and valor. It has been a work of kindness and gentleness, and it has been a work of justice and equity. It has been a work of mercy and compassion, and it has been a work of truth and honesty. 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UNAPPROPRIATED GOOD.

[To our beloved pastor, Rev. Edson D. Hale, at his installation.]

"Know ye not that Ramoth in Gilead is ours, and we be still?"

Called by the Lord to service grand and heavenly,

Such as the angels well might long to do;

Fitted, equipped, made ready for the battle,

Standing to-night with armor tried and true.

Giving thy best in years, in strength, in culture,

That a lost world be lifted from its woe;

Giving a heart o'erflowing with its yearnings

O'er broken lives as on in sin they go.

"Chosen, ordained," and with the Master's sealing,

While benedictions earth and heaven bring;

We welcome thee as our beloved pastor;

In all our hearts a song of praise we sing.

Yet, as we look on fields so white for harvest,

Laborers few, who form a feeble band,

Hear we a "Caleb" stilling all our murmurings,

Calling us on to now possess the land.

What! can it be, with "Ramoths" in possession,

God's chosen ones in silence can sit down?

Will it be found, when Jesus gives them welcome,

Many of these will wear a starless crown?

Thankfully now with thee, our brother, teacher,

Trustfully, too, our work we will pursue;

Each earnest prayer and consecrated effort

Blending our lives and giving courage new.

Thus may we work till just a few more shadows

Fall by His hand across our pathway here;

Thus may we trust till just a few more heart-aches

Lead to his feet and bring the falling tear.

'Tis only now "a little while" of waiting

Ere we shall hear the footfall of our King.

When he, the Bridegroom, who so long hath tarried,

Will all his loved and chosen homeward bring.

Till then may each and all be daily watching,

Though by the world's rough waves the heart be tossed;

Till then shall come from out the skies his welcome,

Life's peaceful close and Jordan safely crossed.

CARRIE G. MERRILL.

Clayton, Oct. 22, 1888.

WORK OF THE REV. D. F. WATKINS.

After his year of rest in our State, the Rev. D. F. Watkins resumed missionary work—in the City of Mexico, not in Guadalajara. With the beginning of 1888, he commenced revival meetings, holding them every night. He did this by the space of four months. The immediate results were encouraging, and the subsequent results very cheering. In September last he received into the Church a Roman Catholic priest, who promises to be as firm, consistent and helpful as has been the priest he received into the Church several years at Guadalajara. Lately, Mr. Watkins has been co-operating with others in temperance work. This work is greatly needed in a city and country where total abstinence from all intoxicants has heretofore been a thing almost wholly unknown. One night, after several forcible and moving addresses, 140 signatures were procured from people moving in all the various circles of society.

We are permitted to print the following "confession" made one night in open meeting. It is not the confession of a priest, but of a layman sometimes employed by a priest. It tells its own story—a story possible, it is to be hoped, in few other countries than that in which Romanism has been moving on a very low plane. The confession is as follows:

"I am not accustomed to speaking in public, but I desire to tell all present what Jesus Christ has done for me. I have been, beyond all doubt, the most wicked man that ever lived. I have committed every kind of sin: I have robbed; I have told falsehoods; I have deceived; and I have shed the blood of my fellow-beings. When young, I lived with the priest H., who still lives in the town of M. This man taught me many things, especially to deceive the poor. On All-Souls' day, as long as I was with him, he used to dress me like a priest and shave me, so that I could help him take souls out of purgatory. There were so many people that wanted their sons, fathers, grandfathers and grandmothers taken out of purgatory that the priest alone was not equal to the task, and for that reason I assisted him. He taught me some Latin words, which still come to my memory, when I remember how we robbed the ignorant people. The priest prayed out souls for \$25, or more, and I for twenty-five cents, or less. Praying for a few seconds took money out of the pockets of the simpletons, but I do not believe that it saved souls from the fire. In the Catholic Church this business is carried on until 12 o'clock in the day, and I believe there is a rule forbidding the praying of souls out of purgatory after this hour. But the good priest and I did not stop; from very early until very late we drew souls out of torment. Not only did we receive money, but sheep, hogs, chickens, eggs, wax, and everything that could be sold or eaten. On this day the priest made money enough to buy many different kinds of wine; and I confess I drank as much of the liquor as he did, with this difference, that he drank it in his dining-room and I from the barrel and bottles in the store-room. We also encouraged the ridiculous belief of the Catholics of the country, that the dead, at a certain time of the year, visit their graves, and, like living people, eat meat, fruit, squashes, corn, bread, candy, and other things of the same nature. Poor people! They brought at times excellent dinners, and placed them, according to my instructions, not on the grave, but near the church, and I afterwards carried them to

the house of the priest, where he and I ate until we almost made ourselves sick; and how we laughed at the poor creatures, especially those who said they had seen the spirit of their grandfather or grandmother coming to taste the rich viands! The priest even made me sell the remains of our feast, and also the great quantities of fruit and vegetables which the fanatics brought to their dead. I had a good teacher, indeed, in this priest, and I learned all his lessons well.

"After I left him I continued drinking wine; I became associated with robbers, and with them I lived many years, robbing and killing my fellow-men for their money. Oh, brethren, I am a vile sinner! After the commission of one of the most terrible crimes, the authorities found me and sentenced me to death. I appealed for my life to Maximilian, who pardoned me. To him I owe my life. And Providence ordered that I should be one of the soldiers chosen to shoot him and Miramon and Mejia at Queretaro! The Emperor gave me an ounce of gold, which I soon spent in vice.

"The other night, somewhat intoxicated, I passed by this Temple, and entered, with no good in view. I seated myself near the door and began to laugh at what I heard, but it appeared to me that the minister was looking at me, that he was speaking directly to me. I, a weak criminal, but without fear of anything in my heart, and rendered helpless by my crimes, for I have completely wrecked my health, listened to the word directed to me. My drunkenness passed away before the sermon was finished. Brethren, all my sins, all my crimes, came before me, and I knew not what to do. Oh, how much I had suffered up to that time! Never had I known a happy hour. But here I am to-night redeemed by Christ. Never have I known what happiness is until now. My heart is filled with gratitude because I know that God has pardoned all my sins. Brethren, I know that I have eternal life, and, although the minister asks me how can I, a man so guilty, be pardoned, I tell him, and I tell all, through Christ. I have not many days to live upon the earth, it appears, and I trust that Christ will come for me very soon."

DEVOTED AND FAITHFUL.

REV. W. A. JAMES.

[We published, two weeks ago, an obituary of this good lady, by Rev. P. G. Buchanan, but we add the following, from the pen of a former pastor, by request:]

How natural it was that Paul should close his letter to the Romans by sending loving salutations to the devoted and faithful men and women in that church, who had endeared themselves to him by their self-sacrificing love for the cause. Every pastor can recall such among the flocks he has shepherd. There recently passed away to the heavenly home from the home of her daughter, Mrs. V. G. Hush, in Fruitvale, near Oakland, Mrs. Martha J. Woods. Few in Oakland knew much of her; but the writer, her former pastor in Marysville, O., was well acquainted with her when she was full of ceaseless planning and toiling for the struggling Congregational church in that place. Fortunate is that pastor who has one such worker to co-operate with him. In calling upon the sick or the poor, or the stranger, I found generally that she had been there before me. Though she had large means, yet she took pains to come to the house of God dressed very plainly, so that no persons would stay away because they could not dress as well as Mrs. Judge Woods. For the church she was willing to do the most menial service, which love made noble and Christian. In faith and social she was our chief dependence. If our place of worship was to be cleansed or beautified, or if money was to be raised, she usually took the burden of the work. It was in her home chiefly that the famous "Buckeye Cook Book" was prepared, which, afterwards was called "Practical House-keeping," and took the foremost place among all books of its kind which have ever been published in this country. With peculiar joy she and we all looked upon that completed and beautiful church and parsonage built chiefly by that book-money. In the church, and Sabbath-school, and prayer-meeting she was ever found, happy with the happiest when sinners were converted to Jesus. She was ever thinking about the wanderers, and painstaking, so that the young people might not go astray, but might walk in the pathway of life.

It is easy to anticipate what the end of such a life would be. In her painful sickness her daughter asked her if she wanted to live. "Yes, if it is God's holy will, on account of you and the dear children; but if not, I am willing to go." In her delirium she kept saying: "I want to go to where the streams are ever flowing." As she passed away her face was angelic, as though she was looking into heaven and saw something of that glory which is hidden from the eyes of our mortals. Dr. McLean and Rev. Mr. Buchanan conducted the last services in a very impressive manner. God help us also to "fight the good fight, and keep the faith, and win the crown." These earth-loses greatly add to heaven's enrichment and attractiveness. Let us not be so inexpressibly foolish as to miss of heaven.

San Diego, Oct. 23, 1888.

"Let not him who prays," says South, "suffer his tongue to outstrip his heart, nor presume to carry a message to the throne of grace while that stays behind."

IN THE LAND OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS—III.

GUATEMALA.

Approaching Champerico, we came in sight of magnificent volcanoes, the highest of them being Santa Maria, which has an altitude of twelve thousand four hundred and sixty-seven feet. Champerico is the first of the Central American ports at which we touch. It is in the State of Guatemala. At this port there is only a small collection of warehouses, well-built of Northern material, and a few homes in the surrounding country contribute the merchandise. Here we see an iron pier, which I am told is a rich investment paying some years from forty to sixty per cent. Again, we weigh anchor and steam on San Jose de Guatemala, which, in appearance, is almost identical with Champerico. The highest volcano here is Fuego, which is twelve thousand six hundred and three feet high, and is sometimes active. We saw smoke ascending from it. Business is done with more dispatch here; a steam launch tows the lighters and a steam lift is used at the pier. I had an opportunity to see a Guatemalan dollar; among the several devices upon it, I noticed a bird of paradise, and was told that this bird will live but a few days in captivity. I appreciated the spirit of the people who use such an emblem. There are increasing evidences that these Southern people are beginning to think and to feel that they have individual consciences. Church and State are becoming more and more irreconcilable, and the State is seeking for a legitimate divorce. Free schools are springing up, and Northern ideas are flowing in sufficient here and there to wash away the narrow banks of Roman Catholicism.

In disposing of the large number of passengers who came aboard at this port, two ladies were assigned to a cabin directly opposite mine. The next day after their arrival, while promenading on deck, I looked into my cabin window, when passing by it; I was surprised to see it occupied by one of the Spanish ladies, who was, at that moment, arranging her hair, while her little child was playing on the floor; and the nurse blockaded the doorway. Somewhat disgusted, I went to my room-mate and told him of the invasion. He thought I had been mistaken in the room, and had peeped where I had no right. We held a council of war, and decided to await further developments before taking any action to resist the invaders. Alas! the opportunity came only too soon; it found me unprepared with any definite plan of action; there was no premeditation; no multitude of counsellors, hence no wisdom in my course. Having observed the confusion the room was in, and the elaborate arrangements for making a toilet, I was made desperate by the coarse familiarity, and so determined to stand aside.

I had known a common language my course and the sequence would have been different. Whether or not my intention was suspected developments must show; but I was not kept long in suspense. To my surprise they immediately left the room. Unmindful of the mischievous look in their eyes as I passed by them, except to fatally misconstrue it, I hurried into the room and closed the door. I had no intention to capture the prize, but to estimate the amount of damage done. What a change in my domestic economy in so brief a time! A preserve jar with a fish in it stood in the wash basin; lovely boxes were promiscuously scattered on the bed. I was now convinced that our fair neighbors, having observed that we only occupied our room at night, were quite decided in making it a dressing-room or boudoir. I looked in vain to find my own apparel. Somewhat excited, I got down on my knees and looked under the berth for my traveling-bags; they were not there! While in a cold sweat, truth, that sometimes tardy witness, testified that I was the invader. The peals of laughter from the reinstated garrison followed my retreat like the bees from a hive which one wantonly disturbs.

DIVERSIONS.

Dr. Shipman, hearing Dr. Grumbler complain about everything served to him, said, "Doctor, do you believe in evolution?" The Doctor most innocently replied, without any reservation, "I do!" "Then," continued Dr. Shipman, "you will believe that the perfect water, perfect steward and perfect cook have not yet been evolved." This silenced Dr. Grumbler; but, it seemed to me, in view of present circumstances and past experiences, that there is at this time no such evidence of evolution as of reversion to type. Dr. Grumbler had, however, felt the sting of the rebuke, so, in the morning, when mangoes were served, Dr. Grumbler expressed his distaste for the fruit, whereupon Dr. Shipman remarked, "Some great man has said 'It is the best fruit in the world.'" I foolishly asked myself is there a standard gauge in palatation, as well as in aesthetic taste? Dr. Grumbler replied, "Some humorous writer has said, 'The kind of pills a man likes are the kind he ought to take.'"

Some part of our time was spent in shark fishing; one or two of the passengers did the fishing, while the rest of us looked on. I do not know which is the most exciting—to hold the line, or merely to look on, in neither case getting a bite. I am sure that my friends, if they ever know that I tried to take notes during my trip, will appreciate the result, however deficient, when they learn that I was constantly interrupted by a little Spanish miss, who wished me to amuse her, and who freely drew her hieroglyph-

ics over my manuscript. Somehow, she seemed to think that, as I am an American, I must be full of Yankee notions.

Having a cabin all to myself, my friend was allowed to join me. Before the change, he had a roommate whom he thought, from appearances, lacking in mental maturity; so he quietly asked me to diagnose the character of the man from his physiognomy. I declined to do so, from lack of Lavaterian skill; but we afterwards learned that this man was analogous to an alligator pear (*agua dulce*)—extremely green on the outside, but ripe and palatable within.

CENTRAL AMERICAN PORTS.

San Salvador has three ports—Acacajula, La Libertad and La Union. The first two named are on the Pacific and the third is on Gulf of Fonseca. Acacajula and La Libertad may be spoken of together; we did not touch at La Union. The chief exports from this coast are in the following order: Coffee, indigo, India-rubber, Peruvian balsam. The Peruvian balsam coast lies between Acacajula and La Libertad. The indigo is shipped in oblong bags made of green hide. There is a high duty on the coffee-bags which have to be imported; to avoid the duty and still get the bags a little device is resorted to. The people of the country import considerable wheat flour. This is packed in the thin muslin bags so commonly seen by us, but the muslin is not durable enough for the exportation, so several bags of flour are put into the extra covering offered by the coffee sack, and as the bag is not now to be considered in itself an article of importation, no duty is collected on it. Cocaine used to be raised to a large extent; but since the introduction of aniline dyes the business has fallen off. The fustic of commerce is obtained in large quantities on the Nicaraguan Coast. Near Acacajula is Volcano Icalco, which is six thousand three hundred and twenty-three feet high, and is also active. We saw clouds of smoke during the day, and were told to expect to see fire by night, but it was wrapped around with clouds, as if to keep its fiery blood away from its head, thus preventing cerebral congestion and possible rupture. Below La Libertad is Volcano San Miguel, 7,194 feet high. The location of La Libertad is very pretty, sloping as it does right to the sea; while the water-front of Acacajula is abrupt. Both places are small and uninteresting to the tourist.

The grave-yard at La Libertad is by the sea. The idea is so different from that of more Northern nations, who seek the elevation of the hills; whether the custom of burying so low arises from a desire to have the sea occasionally hold high mass over the dead, or because its solemn cadence is a fitting requiem for the departed, I know not; it seems as if, coming down to the spiritual Jordan, it is here they cast off earth's mantle before crossing the stream. Some distance off is Volcano Consequina, which several years ago burst its top off, and the ashes from it were carried into an upper stratum of air, and then floated over to Cuba, showering the streets of Havana.

AN EXCITING EPISODE.

Before leaving La Libertad we had an exciting episode: One of the stokers had been ashore and partaken too freely of *agua caliente*, so that his blood became hotter than the degree usually produced by simple furnace heat. After quarreling with his fellow-laborers, he undertook to desert us; when being carried away in one of the litters, an officer of the ship saw him and immediately ordered the litter-men to return with him to the ship. The deserter was commanded to come on board, and refusing to do this the first officer started to compel him. The man gave a plunge and was buried beneath the waves. When he came to the surface he swam to the stern of the ship, where, supporting himself by the rudder, he undressed and struck out for the shore, which was nearly half a mile away. It was a bold and daring feat, for the water was full of sharks; two large ones came close to the ship soon after he left us. Having reached the iron pier, he was compelled to surrender to the officials of the port, and was brought back under guard. As the soldiers sat around him with their fire arms, I thought that with those antiquated pieces there was a decided preference between being ten yards in front of the weapon or immediately behind it holding the stock. Of course, if one were to be kept directly under the muzzle, the alternatives being a head blown off or knocked off.

The town seemed to be a very appropriate place to strike out for liberty, but from the foregoing incident it is evident that by its name we are in no sense to look upon it as a city of refuge.

Another day and we are at Cornito, a small place quite overgrown with its luxuriant vegetation, which hides many an unsightly heap of rubbish.

We seemed to have stopped at this port simply because it was on the schedule, for as far as business was concerned it was mostly limited to a few small purchases by the steward, which, while they were not a direct source of revenue for the steamship company, meant, most decidedly, protection for us.

JAMES C. ROBBINS.

(To be continued.)

There are three things which the true Christian desires with respect to sin—justification, that it may not condemn; sanctification, that it may not reign; and glorification, that it may not be.—Cecil.



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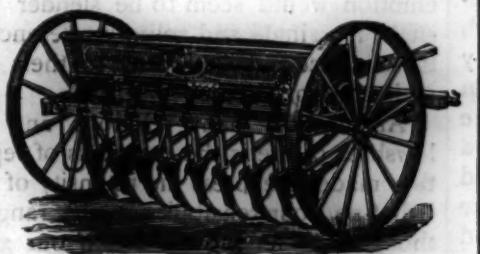
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Of Jesus never heard;
Oh, pity me, dear Christian child,
And send to me his Word!
Oh, pity me! for I have grief
So great I cannot tell;
And say if truly there's a heaven
Where such as I can dwell."

That pleading voice was borne across
The rolling ocean wide;
Forthwith the children, touched with love
Of Him who bled and died,
Said: "Here's our money, little girl,
To buy God's Word for you.
We wish 'twere more, a thousand fold,
And you shall have it, too."

"We've heard of Jesus, and we know
The way of life full well;
'Let children come to me,' says he,
'And they shall with me dwell.'
Ever with him! with hearts renewed,
And 'badness' all forgiven;
For he who never fails has said,
Of such the realm of heaven."

"We'll spread the gospel o'er the earth,
To each dear child so sad;
If one soul saved gives angels joy,
Then will all heaven be glad.
And if at last we reach the shore
Where sorrow is unknown,
We hope to greet the Hindu girl,
Safe, safe before the throne."

—Gospel in All Lands.

STORY OF A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER II.

CRAZY QUILT.

"Mamma, dear, people make each other Christmas presents, don't they? No one ever thinks of making the Lord Jesus a Christmas present, and it is his own dear birthday, and he ought to get some present. I wish I could make Jesus a nice present."

The little face was earnest and thoughtful, as if trying to think of something that she might do.

"Mrs. Mason was making a beautiful crazy quilt for somebody, and she let Ethel help her. One could not make such a thing for Jesus, could one, mamma?"

Poor little girl, she looked much puzzled and a little ashamed.

"My darling, what a fine idea! You can make a more beautiful piece of patchwork than Mrs. Mason's, or any other crazy quilt. Listen, and I will tell you."

"Why, mamma, what a funny thing—a crazy quilt for Jesus!" said Mary, with a little ripple of laughter.

"My child, there are many opportunities to work for Jesus, if we would only make use of them. Now, suppose you make some sacrifice, or do some work every day till Christmas, with the special desire to please him."

"Oh, mamma, but what queer little patches those would be!"

The evening of the next day, after Mary had said her prayers, her mother said: "Well, my pet, what about your crazy quilt?"

"Oh, mamma, I am afraid I cannot do much; surely, the Lord must have things to do better than a silly, little girl's crazy quilt." Mary seemed discouraged.

"Yes, dear, you are right; he has more important things, I dare say. My little girl is not so selfish, nor so conceited, as to want our blessed Saviour to do nothing else than watch for her crazy quilt. Yet, my child, he who takes care of the sparrows and the flowers of the field has also time for you and all other children, old and young, for all are as little ones to him. He sees your heart more clearly than you see it yourself, and he never requires you to do greater things than a child can do. One stitch at a time in your crazy quilt, my darling, and you will do something, more perhaps than you had planned."

"Oh no, mamma, not more than I mean to, for I shall try to do a great deal!"

"Well, then, suppose you begin; have you done nothing to-day that you would have left undone, but for your Christmas present?"

"Well, yes, I have, but it is too little. I was not going to clean up my room the way it should be, or in the best way I could, till I thought of the crazy quilt; then I did try my best."

"Yes, my darling, I noticed your attempt, and if you had not spoken, I would have asked you myself, for you never, without help, put your room in such nice order before; and, dearie, you are fond of peaches and you only took one or two; was not that a little sacrifice?"

"Oh, mamma, did you notice that? But I think that Jesus will laugh at me, for he must have seen how hard it was for me to give up just one or two peaches for his dear sake, when he is so good to me! I am very much ashamed of myself!" And the dear child hid her face in her mother's dress.

"You need not be afraid at all, for it seems to me that a neat, tidy room and a few nice peaches are not such a bad beginning for your crazy quilt, and surely Jesus will never laugh at the faithful attempt of a child."

Two or three days after this, Mary had gone to spend the day with a playmate. She was to stay till tea-time; then her little friend, Grace, was to come home with her, and in the evening we were all to go back with Grace, and spend a while with her mother, who was one of Mrs. Armour's best friends.

Much to our surprise, and almost frightening us, the two children returned long before the appointed time. Mary rushed up to her mother even more impulsively than usual.

"My own dear mamma! How good

God is to give us such a good, dear, dear mother! Oh, mamma, mamma, how my heart aches!"

She clung to her mother, as though she would never let go, and she had a charming way of "fitting" into our arms, somehow or other, in a way different from the rest of the children.

My friend, Mrs. Armour, was alarmed, seeing the child so much excited.

"Why, my blessing, what is the matter?"

"Oh, mamma—you know when I went over to see Grace—the poor child could hardly speak, she was so excited; 'first we played in the house, and after awhile we went out into the garden, and we were having a lovely time, when all at once we heard loud voices in the next yard—children's voices, mamma, but such unkind, such dreadful words! Oh, how unhappy they must be, those poor, poor children! Their mother is dead; she must have died with a broken heart, for how can any one live with nothing but fighting going on all the time. Oh, mamma, I am glad that you did not hear those children, nor all the hard words they called each other! I wish I could forget them; oh, I wish I had not heard them!"

"But, my darling, were they alone—was there no one to make them stop fighting, to tell them how wrong they were, and that if their poor mother could see them how wretched she would be?"

"Yes, there was a woman, but I could not see her. She tried to make them stop; but the answers she got were not nice, and I would not repeat them, mamma, dear."

"I am very glad, Mary, that you do not repeat disagreeable things, yet this time you may do so, for we must try to do something for these poor children. What were they quarrelling for?"

"Oh, I do not know, mamma; but, when I first heard them, one of them said:

"Oh, you —, I am going to tell papa that you broke the chair on purpose."

"I didn't do it on purpose, and I'm going to tell him that you went to see Mamie Jenks, and you know very well that he didn't want you to; you tore my book, too, —!"

"And you spit all my nice perfume."

"I am glad I did, and I'm sorry there ain't no more to spill."

"And ever so many more things, all the time using all sorts of wicked words. They tried to remember old things, and threw them up at each other—you know, mamma, you never let us do anything like that; you always told us to forgive and forget. I am sure that I would rather think of pleasant things than of wicked ones. And, what would become of us, if our dear Father in heaven remembered every wrong thing we did?"

Well, after they quarreled with their tongues, they struck each other, until the smallest one—poor little thing—cried; and I could not stand it any longer, so I came away to you, my dear mamma!

And these poor children have no mother like mine; oh, I ought to be very, very good!" She then, like an older child, added, "Mamma, if God took you away, I would die, too; I do not think I could live without you."

Mary's eyes were full of tears, and so were our own; for the child's description was so graphic that it brought the sad condition of the poor orphans vividly before us.

This forlorn home was just the place where Mrs. Armour could do a world of good. She asked Grace several questions, which the little girl could not answer satisfactorily, for they had not lived there long, and she had never spoken to any of the neighbor's children. She found out, however, that there were five children in all, and the father, living in the house.

"And who is the woman of whom you spoke—do you know, Grace?"

"Yes, Mrs. Armour, she is a lady who comes every day to teach them, but they do not mind her at all."

"Well, perhaps she is not kind to the poor children herself, and so she cannot lead them to be kind to each other."

"Oh, yes, indeed; she is just as kind as she can be, and tries ever so hard to stop them, if they are fighting; but then they seem to turn around and fight her and tell her to mind her own business, and make fun of her in all sorts of ways. I don't see how she can come back to them every day, for they did treat her so shamefully. That day I watched her as she left and she looked so unhappy, poor thing!"

Perhaps Mary's conscience troubled her a little about something, for she said presently: "Mamma, I do not think I am any better than those poor children; yes, maybe, not as good. I have you and dear Miss S— (giving me a loving glance) to always tell me so kindly when I do anything wrong, and it is all for nothing, because I am just as bad again in a little while, and lazy and mopey, and careless about my work. Mamma darling, where do you get all your patience from? Why, you are never cross!"

"My pet, I feel very cross sometimes, but has not the heavenly Father a great deal more patience with me? Then why should I not be patient with my darling, who does try very faithfully to do right?"

I would need a fairy pen to describe the sweet group these two made. Mary did not answer a word, but presently her mother stooped and kissed the child's eyelids.

"Why don't you want me to look at you, mamma?"

"Not look at me—what makes you think that?"

"Oh, nothing, I just thought so," and

up she jumped now and sat down with Bessie, who had taken a book and made herself comfortable in the bay-window.

Mrs. Armour came over to me and said: "S—, dear, do I love my child too much? Those eyes, no one would call them pretty eyes, are sometimes lit up and so beautiful, that I feel a pang of happiness. God spare my child! I could not tell her why I closed her eyelids with a kiss, or she might become self-conscious, heaven forbid!"

Let us return to our crazy-quilt. A few days after this, the hour came when it was time to rise. Everybody knows what it is; he has at some time or other enjoyed dozing and turning over a few times like the sluggard, before getting up. We thought that Mary was incorrigible about this, but with the idea of the Christmas crazy-quilt, a new spirit came over the child.

Mrs. Armour, entering the room, said: Mary, my little girl, here is an opportunity for a beautiful piece in your quilt. I think if you were to jump right up, wash, brush your teeth, comb your hair neatly, and not in the hurried way you often do, when you have staid too long in bed, oh, Mary! what a patch that would be!"

In a short while the child was dressed, and in addition to her usual morning prayers she said: "Thank you, dear Jesus, for letting me put in such a nice patch this morning; please send me a good angel to help me in the crazy-quilt."

Mary was fond of sweet things; she liked her coffee, if such a beverage of three or four parts of milk to one of coffee could be so called, with two big lumps of sugar. It generally fell to me to pour out the cheery cup, while Mr. and Mrs. Armour helped to some other things.

The young people of this family had as much freedom as possible, but there were certain rules which were kept—without any trouble, for no one tried to break them. One of these rules was, that after we were seated at any meal, the children were not to get up until thanks had been returned. If for any reason one of them wished to do so, mamma's permission was politely asked.

I was just about to put in the sugar, when Mary looked at her mother and said: "Please may I speak to Miss S—?"

"Yes, my darling, certainly; why do you ask?"

"Oh, mamma, I want to whisper something to her, and I don't want to be rude."

"Well, dear, if all the others will pardon you, you may."

Arthur, the amiable mischief of the family, grinned and said: "Oh no, you must not whisper, Mary; then he added in a comic and superior way: 'These girls are too funny for anything. They whisper and make a great ado about a secret' and in less than five minutes the whole house knows all about it."

"Oh yes, and you boys want to make believe you don't care for our secrets, and all the time you are doing to know," said little Adele; "let us vote, can't we papa, if Mary may whisper or not?"

"Yes, child, and I think it the best way to settle matters."

Arthur, who from the beginning only wanted to tease, now said quickly and penitently: "Oh Mary, I was only in fun; you can whisper all you like."

The vote was carried unanimously. Then Mary came over to me and said: "Please Miss S—, do not put any sugar into my cup."

I surmised immediately what prompted her, and so asked her, whispering, "Is it for the quilt?"

She nodded yes. I then said: "Let us tell the other children," for I thought that they might be given a lesson in this blessed virtue of self-sacrifice, and thus help on the crazy-quilt.

"Oh no!" answered Mary quite aloud, and half frightened. This roused the other children's curiosity more, and Arthur said: "Now, Mary, if I confess that I am 'dying to know' as Miss Adele says, judging other people by herself, won't you tell us what all this mystery is about?"

"Oh Arthur, you will only laugh at me, I know it," said our little heroine really troubled. "Mamma, they will all make fun of me, don't you think so, mamma?"

"But, my child, how can I tell? You forget that I do not know what you whispered to Miss S—."

"It is about the crazy-quilt," this was said very low and with a sigh.

Edith, who was the domestic one of the family, now became more interested and said: "I want to know all about crazy-quilts, and don't be a little goose, Mary; what of it, if we laugh, I am sure any one would laugh at a crazy-quilt you would make, without wishing to hurt your feelings one bit, little sister."

Edith, at fourteen, was quite an accomplished needle woman; she helped to do the family mending, and made lovely, stylish, little suits for many a doll of her acquaintance.

"Well, Miss S—, you tell them, or you mamma," said Mary, rather demurely. Now, as you like to tease Mary, she and I will tease you, just to return the compliment, you see. All she told me was "not to put any sugar into her coffee; it would be for the crazy-quilt."

"Whew!" Who ever heard of sugar in a crazy-quilt? I should think they are crazy enough without that," shouted Arthur, and he and all the rest burst into a laugh, in which Mary gleefully joined.

"But," he continued, "this sister of ours is not like other girls; we must not be surprised even at a sugar crazy-quilt."

Mrs. Armour thought then that a short explanation would be in season, so she told in few but impressive words what their little sister's crazy-quilt really was.

The laughing changed into a solemn silence. Mr. Armour bent over and kissed Mary on the forehead and said, "God bless you, my child." This was quite a good deal for him, undemonstrative as he was.

SCHOLA.

(To be continued.)

YOUR BIRTHDAY.

There are two ways of passing these signal stations on the road of your life. You may sit down and look back at all the sorrows and losses which have befallen you, the mistakes you have made and the crimes you have committed in the past years. Dean Swift kept his birthday in this fashion: by locking himself up, fasting, on his knees, reading the chapter in which Job curses the day on which he was born. But it is not recorded that the dean came out of his solitude at all softened or repentant, or was a whit less selfish, cruel or sharp of tongue for his lamentations.

A keen-sighted Frenchman, who visited this country a year ago, remarked, "The chief defect in your educated young people is their perpetual self-contemplation. It makes them vain, morbid, ineffective. It is the chief object of their study and thought." If a boy on his birthday finds that his thoughts are given to melancholy speculations concerning himself, instead of to the work he has left undone or has to do, he may suspect that he comes under the shrewd foreigner's criticism.

The second way of keeping your birthday is to forget the trouble or mistakes that are behind, and to start afresh. If a man stumbles into a ditch, he does not lie there groaning; he gets up, brushes off the mud and hurries on, keeping in the sun as much as he can. Imitate him. At this halting place, it is wise to block out a rough plan of your life for the coming years. Do not, in the sudden access of virtue which belongs to anniversaries, leave out amusement and rest from this plan. Do not leave out time for the little helps and hindrances of friendship and affection.

"I have now but a few years to live," wrote one of our greatest men lately. "I cannot afford not to take time to write often to my friends."

Above all, do not over-rate the work which lies before you. In all probability you will not be the architect, you will only carry a few bricks to help build the great temple; you will not be a captain in the army; you are fortunate if you can give a cup of cold water to refresh the fighting men. There is a slang phrase in use in some parts of the country which expresses the conviction of most young people concerning life. It is, "One must keep up with the procession."

You are not on parade; you are not marching for the public to look at and applaud. You have a little work to do in a quiet, thorough way. There is only one who will see or know how well and thoroughly it is done. If you keep these wholesome facts in mind during the year, your next birthday will be happier and brighter than this—*Youth's Companion*.

A GOOD MAN'S TENDERNESS.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender-hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest and most forcible mind and will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system.

George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house, and closed the window. It had been open a long time, because of the great heat, but now the weather was becoming cooler, and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew what he was doing. Two or three days afterward, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He went at once to the room, and opened the window to see. The window opened, and the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor broken-hearted, almost dead. Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little ones—mother and young—all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and so bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it, but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At the same time the force of George Stephenson's mind was changing the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of this family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of death.

—*Manchester Times*.

CAUTION.—A Wesleyan clergyman, who believes in the doctrine of perfection, has written a work on that subject. It contains the following wholesome admonition: "Great precaution and circumspection and self-examination should, therefore, be used before you come to a conclusion that God hath cleansed you from all unrighteousness." And, perhaps, it would be well to get the opinion of a few other people on the subject.

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AGENTS FOR BELL'S POULTRY REASONING

Congregational Directory.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Rev. Charles D. Barrows, D.D., Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. H. Sonder, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A. M. and 12:30 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth Street, between Valencia and Mission streets. Rev. J. A. Cruzan, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH CHURCH—South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. N. W. Lane, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

BETHANY CHURCH—Bartlett street, near Twenty-sixth street. Rev. W. O. Pond, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6:30 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

OLIVET CHURCH—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. Charles F. Wood, Pastor. Sunday services, 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 1 P. M.; Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

SWEDISH CHURCH—538 Jessie street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Rev. C. Anderson, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M.; Prayer-meeting, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 P. M.

PILGRIM CHAPEL—Fidmington, near Persia street. Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M.

OCEAN VIEW CHAPEL—Broad avenue, near Capital street. Sunday-school at 12:30 P. M.

SEVENTH AVENUE CHAPEL—Corner Seventh and Clement avenues. Sunday-school at 3 P. M.

NORTH UNION SCHOOL—In Casco's Hall, corner Union and Laguna streets. Sunday-school at 3 P. M.

AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY, Bible House, Astor Place, N. Y.

Secretaries—Walter M. Barrows, D. D., Rev. J. B. Clark, Treasurer—Alexander H. Olapp, D. D., Superintendent California and Nevada, J. H. Warren, D. D., General Missionary Southern California—Rev. J. T. Ford

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TAKE NOTICE—LIBERAL OFFER.—Any person sending us \$7.50, with three new names, shall receive four copies of THE PACIFIC for one year. THE PACIFIC is not published to make money or pay salaries, but solely to help on our Master's work. If you are not a subscriber, send your address, and pay \$2.50 at any time within three months. It will pay you and yours well.

Subscriptions for THE PACIFIC will be received at the drug store of W. M. Seaby, 859 Market street; also at the drug store of David M. Gove, northwest corner of California and Fillmore streets; also by T. P. Strong, insurance agent, 470 Ninth street, Oakland.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1888.

To new subscribers THE PACIFIC will be sent from this time to January 1st, 1890, for \$2.50.

The other night a friend was deploring our "low-down politics" in America, as illustrated in the recent letter concocted to trap the British Minister, and others, into saying "indiscreet" things to be used for political and partisan purposes. He thought this particular occurrence, and its result in the dismissal of the British envoy, would hurt our reputation in Europe. We could not deny that we had a great deal of "low-down politics" in our country; but we had to remind him that Great Britain must not sneer at us, so long as the London Times, backed by the British Cabinet, was publishing private letters for partisan and political purposes—and forged letters, at that. A State Commission is now making inquiry into the matter. The result, we are assured, will be that the Tory Administration and the London Times will be found guilty of "low-down politics" of a baser sort, even, than that which our friend deplored. Indeed, we do not know in what respect the *morale* of British politics is superior to ours, except in the matter of its civil service. Here its *morale* is lofty; and we are simply in the throes of a "reform" of our civil service.

The political contest has this year been so long, and so intense, that almost every paper and every man has been saying for a week past, "It is a pleasure to think that the contest is nearly over." The weariness of strife which this indicates is suggestive of some change, particularly in the way of shortening the campaign. The campaign can be shortened by holding no national conventions; by making nominations by a consensus of States; by carrying on the canvass in each State through its own citizens, without importing more than one or two speakers into each State from abroad; and by having no more than one grand parade for each great campaign. As it is, a great deal of time, money and toil is spent to no purpose, and often worse than wasted. Campaigning is too serious a business for childish displays, and is best carried on by reading, and by quiet discussions in small assemblies.

We are happy to say that the Rev. Dr. Creggan, an officer of the A. B. C. F. M., is now on a visit to this Coast in the behalf of foreign missions, and with the hope of deepening the interest in that cause among our churches, and so promoting the life of religion on our shore, and in our world. During September Secretary Creggan was in Maine. We presume he will do here somewhat as in that State—hold mass meetings. We invite attention to him and his possible meetings, as indicated in this quotation from an Eastern paper: "The object of these meetings is to instruct the people in regard to the work of foreign missions, and secure, so far as possible, a revival of interest in the cause of missions, which shall result in larger contributions to the treasury; also, an increase to our missionary force. It is expected that the churches where these meetings are held will share them with others of our denomination by inviting all the churches in the neighborhood to send large delegations, thus making these gatherings missionary mass meetings. There will be sessions in the afternoon and evening. A portion of the afternoon session will be given up to the Woman's Board; but, with this exception, all the meetings will be open to the public."

The missionary zeal must have gotten some special incitement in Boston, or else it should seem to be hardly necessary for the Berkeley-street church to be moved to send out, on its own charges, a young man whom the Board has hitherto declined to send. But one of those

councils, which have been supposed by some to be safer counselors than the Prudential Committee, has advised the church to pursue this course, unless the Committee shall come to a different mind. Really, it should seem as if such an issue might have been avoided. No doubt, under a special impulse, the Berkeley-street church may give several times more to missions than ever before; but will the Lord's business, on the whole, be so much better managed?

The American Missionary Association which held its annual meeting at Providence received a notable stimulus to thanksgiving and courage by the announcement that Mr. Hand of Guilford, Conn., had placed at the disposal of the Association securities whose market value is over one million dollars. This is to be kept as a permanent fund, the interest to be used for the education of the colored people in the South. Mr. Hand was in business in South Carolina at the outbreak of the Civil War, and, as a Union man, was obliged to return to his Connecticut home. He left his interests in the charge of a partner, not knowing, perhaps not expecting, that in the perils of the next five years any avails would ever appear to his account. But, strange to say, after the war was over and matters had had time to settle, he received the generous return of \$684,000. Instead of waiting to have his executors dispose of his large estate, Mr. Hand has seen it fitter to put this million to working now. Isn't it an encouraging thing that men like Otis, and Swett, and Slater, and now Hand, are beginning to pay these great tributes to missions and so magnify, in other eyes, the great work which so many men and women in humbler life have magnified by smaller gifts?

In a somewhat jocose way, it may be, the question is repeated in the papers, "Is marriage a failure?" In the normal state of civilized society, nothing could have suggested the question. It is only where uneasy, unkept and easily-dissolved marriages abound that such a question can be asked with any sort of sincerity. But, unfortunately as some marriages are, and ill-assorted as many other couples are, and multiply instances of infelicity in wedlock as we will, marriage is still a success, as compared with any possible sort of unmarried. Look at the sickening and sad finalities in the career of the individuals, the couples, the communities, that have undertaken to live in some kind of society and still ignore and despise marriage, and you will need no further lesson on the utility of God's institution.

The brother at whose words about the death of the Congregational churches in the plan of union many brethren laughed at the General Association, says he was in earnest in his scriptural quotation, and the laughing brethren were foolish. We are very glad that he quoted the Scripture according to its serious intent, but we should certainly differ as to the relevancy of the application.

Let us remember that the American Board will need \$150,000 more this year than last, and all because the work grows. Have you decided what additional gift that will require from you? The women of our California churches are doing nobly for the Board; but the general collections in the churches are not what they should be.

This Wednesday morning the indications are that Harrison will be our next President; that New York, the pivotal State, has gone for him; that trades were there made, Republicans giving their votes for Hill in return for Democratic votes for Harrison. If this is so Harrison has won at the expense of high license. Whisky Democrats and Republicans knifed their candidates for President and Governor in order to elect a saloon Governor. California has probably gone Republican, and this city, we hope, has elected Charles R. Story for Mayor. For, if he is not elected, the chances are that Dr. O'Donnell is the man, which would be a great misfortune. We are sorry to be informed that the lady candidates for School Directors are defeated.

In the telegraphic dispatches from Washington published yesterday in the *Call* it is stated, "The railroad people say more Government employees are going home to vote this year than ever before." The general impression around the departments is that Harrison will get more votes by the exodus of clerks from the departments than Cleveland." And yet Republicans say President Cleveland has violated his pledges in regard to civil service reform and turned all the Republicans out; while the telegram says more votes for Harrison than for Cleveland by the Government clerks.

Albany, N. Y., has 1,200 places where liquor is sold—one to every ninety inhabitants. Twenty-five thousand dollars is received for licenses.

THE JAPANESE PLAN OF UNION.

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK, D.D.

I was glad to read, in last week's PACIFIC, the communication of one of our missionaries in Japan (Rev. Mr. Atkinson) on this subject. I am relieved by some things he said, and especially to learn that the proposed plan of union is not yet consummated and may be modified and possibly abandoned entirely.

I do not wish to occupy space with an elaborate rejoinder to Mr. Atkinson, but only to touch on a few points and to correct some of his misconceptions.

1. As to the name proposed, "The Church of Christ in Japan," I have only to say it is not very essential, but I confess a prejudice against its apparent assumption of exclusiveness, created by the arrogant claim we hear so often from Episcopalians, that theirs is "the church." It would seem to be a pity to encourage our Japanese friends to place themselves in a similar attitude towards other Christian bodies.

2. Mr. Atkinson admits that by the proposed plan, the churches "delegate"—and he emphasizes the term—"certain powers to the *bukwai* and *renkwai*." But that is the very ground of our complaint. They do what they have no scriptural authority for, and what Congregational principles do not admit of. In delegating these powers they yield the full autonomy of the churches, which is a basal point in Congregationalism.

He says, indeed, these delegated powers "can at any proper time be withdrawn." But how can that be unless the plan of union be abandoned? So long as that lasts the delegated powers are beyond the control of the churches. He says "each church is left to govern itself, but when the churches come into fellowship then legislation begins." Precisely; and that is what we object to; viz., any legislation for the church outside of and above the church. And as to this, Mr. Atkinson admits, that "as to the rules of fellowship there can be no doubt but that the Presbyterian element is strong." "I may say frankly," he adds, "that these rules are not satisfactory to many of our Japanese brethren. The spirit of liberty is so strong among them * * * these rules will have to be modified to gain their assent." I, for one, am glad to know this, and I honor them for it.

3. It is a serious objection to the proposed plan that, instead of lessening, it increases the number of denominations from two to three, by creating a new one. Mr. Atkinson says "the two old (present) organizations are to die, and a new one, that is neither Congregational nor Presbyterian, is to be brought into being." But how does he know that the old ones will die or not be raised again from the dead? What is to hinder, by and by, the establishment of pure Congregational and Presbyterian churches, as the people gain light, and especially if they become restive under the plan? All experience leads us to expect this, as was the case in Wisconsin. He says "some of the Presbyterians are even now hoping the union may ultimately in a strong Presbyterian Church," just as our old plan of union in the United States inured to the advantage of that denomination. And again he says, "All the Japanese are not in favor of the union." "The rules are not satisfactory to them, the spirit of liberty is so strong among them." He also testifies that a Methodist missionary said to him, "I must say I never saw such stiff Congregationalists in all my life" as these Japanese are! Now, in view of all these facts, and with experience in this country and England, what good reason is there to suppose that this union can last, or that it will embrace all Presbyterians and Congregationalists ultimately? Some of the churches will withdraw, and new ones will spring up, both Congregational and Presbyterian, and then there will be three bodies and endless friction. Under the famous "Plan of Union" in this country, during the last few years of its existence, before it was abrogated by the Albany Convention, there was an untold amount of friction and contention—a thousand-fold more than has existed since the plan was abandoned. As soon as the Congregationalists awoke to the fact of its disastrous results to them, and they set about organizing on their own principles in the West, it aroused the opposition of Presbyterians, and there was endless trouble until Congregationalists conquered a pace. This I know, for I was there. The plan now looks amiable and plausible, but we who have labored for fifty years west of the Hudson have reason to be suspicious of its wisdom, judging by the past.

4. As to another point, Mr. Atkinson says, "The churches need not ask the advice or judgment of the *bukwai* unless they choose." But suppose an individual member is aggrieved by the action of the church, he cannot, as with us, ask for a Council, but he must go to the *bukwai*, and, according to the published rules, he must get the consent of a third of the body to secure a "committee of appeal," which committee is to be chosen by the *renkwai*, he having no voice in the choice, and when that committee gives judgment it is final. It is not advice, but a decree; and the appellant and the church can do nothing but submit. If that is not anti-Congregational, what can be?

5. Mr. Atkinson admits that in the Presbyterian system "any local difference can draw its slow length along through the whole range of bodies up to the General Assembly." Well, that is one of the vices of the system against which we want the Japanese guarded.

Under the proposed plan the Congregational ministers and churches must be harnessed into the "big team," as has been said, and share in all the turmoil and excitement of this process, for, be it observed, every church is required to be represented in the *bukwai*, *renkwai*, etc.; and every minister must be a member of them also, and so share in all this process. There is no provision for excuse in any case.

6. Mr. Atkinson is mistaken in saying that I object to the term "Bishop." Certainly not; it is scriptural. What I did object to is the fact that in the plan, the Bishops and ministers are segregated from the great body of Christians, and are elevated into a superior body, with peculiar rights and privileges and made, in a degree, independent of the churches. They are responsible to the *bukwai* and *renkwai*. Besides, it may happen, as it often does here, that the ministers may outnumber and outvote the churches and so, in fact, control their action and legislation.

7. As to the scope of the plan, Mr. Atkinson thinks the creeds are broad enough; some of us think too broad. But what I object to is that the proposed plan contemplates only a union of two denominations, and hampers and hinders them from propagating their principles; while all others, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, etc., are left free to do so. The plan, then, does not accomplish the end aimed at, viz., securing a general and genuine Christian union, and a single national church, a real "church of Christ in Japan." Could all denominations be united in one there would be some sense in the movement.

There are other serious objections to the plan as it has been outlined in the published pamphlet, but I will refer any who wish to recall them to my article in THE PACIFIC of October 31. I will not now further enlarge, except to say that Mr. Atkinson admits in so many words that "Congregationalism is good enough for any country." Then why not, I ask, stick to it and give it to the Japanese? I think it is just what they need, and from what Mr. Atkinson says of that people I think they would make first-rate Congregationalists, with their "spirit of liberty." Why will not Plymouth Rock principles, that were the germ of our nation with its free and Christian institutions, do as much for Japan as for us? When our nation was in embryo they molded it to what it developed into, and now while Japan is in the formative stage, politically and religiously, they need Congregational principles to help develop that nation into a great free and Christian republic, with a government, as Lincoln said, "of the people, by the people, for the people."

Referring to my question whether it is not time to call a halt in this plan, Mr. Atkinson asks, "Who is to call it?" I answer, the Presidential Committee of the American Board. They certainly can and should suggest to our missionaries to advise the Japanese churches to wait for further discussion of the subject, both here and in Japan. It is certainly a momentous question that is involved, and there are grave doubts in many minds of the constituents of the board as to its wisdom and expediency. "We," says Mr. Atkinson—"i.e., the missionaries"—"are not straw on the powerful Japanese stream" and again, "our work is simply that of guiding and advising." Exactly; and that is just what we want them to do in regard to this movement. We want them to inform the unsophisticated Japanese of the fact that just such experiments of union have been tried again and again in America, and they have always failed, and therefore they may be expected to fail in Japan. Mr. Atkinson says he can assure me that "the missionaries of the board are fully aware of the failure of such plans of union in the United States—some of us painfully so." Why, then, encourage the innocent and less advised Japanese Congregationalists to enter upon the plan that has proved abortive and worse than abortive here? He says the plan is Japanese and asks, "What right have we, foreign born, to stand in their way and say, 'No, indeed, you must pronounce our shibboleth?'" I answer by the right of being their teachers, whose business it confessedly is—of "guiding and advising," and to whom they look up as their teachers, and who are far more experienced than they and know what they do not yet know, that no such plan ever has yet succeeded. Mr. Atkinson asks, again, "if our missionaries are sent to foster Congregationalism." I answer, emphatically, yes. The contributors to the Board are Congregationalists, and they have a right to expect that the missionaries they support shall foster the system they love and believe to be scriptural and adapted to promote the cause of Christ and subserve the welfare of those to whom it is sent. If it is "good enough for any country" then let it be propagated, in heaven's name. What I now write and have heretofore written on this subject has been in the interest of Christ's cause. Mr. Atkinson says he is "glad to have me and others express our minds, and that it has been a material help to our missionaries in talking to their own people and when in committee with the Presbyterians." If anything I have said has been helpful thus, I am not sorry I wrote. I believe heartily in Christian union and comity, but I have no faith in attempts at organic union. What Christ prayed for in his memorable supplication for his followers was not an outward oneness, but a unity of spirit like that of his Father and himself. No one prays more earnestly than I do that God may guide in this matter, as Mr. Atkinson says he

desires we should pray, and I ask especially that our missionaries may not be "swept off their feet by that often delusive word UNION," to use Mr. Atkinson's own words.

SALEM LETTER.

When my ship comes in and I have no end of money I think, perhaps, I shall offer a prize for the best essay on "The Advantages of a Regular Attendance on Church Services." One trouble would be that non-church-goers would not be likely to read or profit by any such setting forth of loss and gain; so, having thus announced my intention, with a rueful confession that probably I shall never be able to offer said prize, let me beg all lovers of the sanctuary to consider these advantages and stand ready to express on all fitting occasions their convictions in regard to regular attendance on what is so suggestively called "The means of grace." Evidently, a great many admirable people do not feel under any obligation to attend church service except under the most favorable circumstances. If the weather is just right, if raiment is fresh and in order, if a companion is also in the mood to go, and the services—singing, preaching, etc.—are expected to be to one's liking, then most religiously inclined persons will be found in the sanctuary. "If I don't like to go, what good will it do me?" is one of the questions our essayist will consider.

Also, I would like somebody to write an article on "The Folly of Being Sick." Three or four patent-medicine almanacs and a faith-cure journal or two would furnish material for proof, and the doctrine of universal total depravity could be established. I for one do not see how any other reasonable conclusion could be reached, when there are such reliable remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and such abundant verified testimony to cures performed.

Thanks to Brother Cruzan for his spirited retort concerning that ten-cent business. Most of us were too—something to follow the chain to the end. I have no doubt that the necessity prompting the invention of the scheme was pressing, and I trust that those who gave their mites gave them as unto the Lord. Yet such soliciting is liable to be overdone. I suppose the poor widow—blessings on her memory!—felt no further responsibility about her two mites, whether they might be misapplied or what not. Surely, the old times were not in all things worse than the new, since ignorance has its compensations.

Our Harvest Home Festival was very pretty. Fresh decorations gave our audience-room a gala look, and the exercises were in accord with the theme. Our brilliant red-vine maple is very effective in trimmings, and the mild weather had left our garden flowers unspoiled. Roses, pansies, asters and chrysanthemums, in profusion, filled the vases, and satisfied the eye with beauty. I think it will be long before we can dispense with sociables. More than the money, I am fain to admit that we do not make as much out of them as we should like to, but better than that is the acquaintance and the friendliness of co-workers, not so easily achieved in other ways. When we have failed to keep our Sewing Society active, and have had no sociables for a time, we hear complaints.

Somewhat, if it is for the Church, we all feel bound to give of our best, and almost invariably the result is an increase of kindly feeling among the participants. The young people take pleasure in them, and if we bring the spirit of unselfish love in our hearts we can rejoice with the joyous, and cheer the lonely-hearted, with comfort and profit to our own souls.

S. C. H.

Nov., 1888.

"I am tired of this talk; too many resolutions," said a friend. And is there not a good deal of truth in the remark? How many conventions are held, how much talk, and how many essays, addresses, resolutions about "how to reach the masses," how to do this and how to do that—and that is the end of the whole matter! The meeting closes and the participants separate and go home and prepare more wise resolutions and long talks for the next convention. There is too much theorizing and too little hand-to-hand work on the field. Too many McClellans always getting ready, planning, calling for reinforcements, but no advance on the foe. The fact is, most Christians know how to do Christian work a great deal better than we do it. The trouble is not half so much how to "reach these" and "do that" as to be willing ourselves to go right out and "reach" and "do" instead of sitting down together and passing resolutions. Some Christians, no doubt, need to be told what to do. We must have discussions and resolutions and conventions, but things in that line may be overdone. Oh, the waste of physical and mental strength in theorizing! The same topics are discussed in Y. M. C. A. Conventions, Y. P. S. Conventions, General and local Associations, clubs, councils, in our country and other countries. We ring the changes over and over on the same stock-subjects. This essayist outdoes the last, and the first and last and best and all-time discussions are published and copied and scattered everywhere, as though when that was done the work was done—and very often that is the only work that is done.

The greatest feat yet achieved in photography is that of photographing a rifle bullet traveling at the rate of 1,300 feet a second.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. WATSON, D. D.

TREASURY NOTE.

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

The facts under this head which will most interest our readers to-day are these: The Executive Committee have acted on the Society's vote at its annual meeting in 1887, and reaffirmed last June, "that it shall be the Society's settled policy to pay its missionaries without delay, and the Executive Committee shall use every business method to supply any temporary deficiency in the regular income."

In carrying out this vote, the Committee have borrowed at the banks ninety thousand dollars (\$90,000). Of this sum twenty thousand dollars (\$20,000) fall due on the 16th of October; twenty thousand dollars more (\$20,000) on the 4th day of November, and the remainder in November and December.

At this date (October 6th) there is nothing in the treasury to meet the first of these notes—the daily receipts through the summer having been barely sufficient, with the loans, to meet promptly the dues to the missionaries.

Large dues to others of these brethren are daily maturing, and their reports of work call for immediate payment.

These current claims can be met promptly only by prompt and enlarged receipts from the churches.

To pay the maturing notes at the bank there must be an immediate rally of the friends of Home Missions for the raising of at least \$90,000 over and above the missionaries' claims daily falling due.

In this emergency, the officers of the Society, "trusting the Christianity of the Congregational churches, as the churches trust them," are cheered by the following resolutions passed enthusiastically at Saratoga, June 7, 1888:

"Resolved, That we have listened with profound interest to the paper of Secretary Clark entitled 'A Crisis in Home Missions'; that we appreciate the seriousness of the crisis he describes; that we endorse the appeal he makes for an advance of \$100,000 as the least that will be at all adequate to the emergency, and we pledge ourselves, as much as in us lies, to co-operate with the management of the American Home Missionary Society in securing the money needed."

"Resolved, That they (the officers) go forward during the coming year into new and larger work with the assurance that they will be sustained in their moderate demand for \$650,000."

"Resolved, That the \$650,000 ought to be now, and must be made a million at no distant day."

These pledges will be made good. In absolute assurance of that, the Committee have borrowed, and the banks have loaned, \$90,000. But prompt, as well as sure, payment is essential to the maintenance of business credit; and surely our friends will not allow it to be said that either in integrity or promptness the churches are to fall below the best business houses in the land. What business enterprise can for a moment compare in importance, sacredness and vastness of the interests at stake with the work undertaken by the American Home Missionary Society? Say, one and all, trusted and honored friends of Christ, that his work shall not lag for a day or an hour through your want of faithfulness to redeem pledges made in his name. He calls on you to redeem them TO-DAY.—Home Missionary for November.

A lady writes: "I have only been in California a few weeks, am from Chicago and am a Congregationalist. I would like to see your paper, THE PACIFIC. Will you please mail me a copy?" That letter has the right ring. Such persons we welcome gladly to our fair State—persons who tell us at once that they are Congregationalists, and they want the paper that represents us on this Coast. We are sorry to say that there are hundreds, if not thousands, of Congregationalists living up and down our Coast, who seem to take little interest in our home institutions. They come from Chicago and Boston and other places, and continue to hold their church membership and take the papers published there, and seem to care little for the moral and religious condition of the land where they have come to make a home. If this had been the way in the early days, what would California be to-day? How often an old Californian tells you, "Yes, I used to take a half-dozen or a dozen copies of the old PACIFIC to help it along; when the price was more than double what it is now." And they did help it. It has never failed in its regular issue since 1851, though it has cost many sacrifices, and has had many difficulties. At one time, when transportation was by the Horn and Isthmus, and no news paper was in the city, it was gotten out on yellow wrapping paper. But it came out and will continue, by God's help, and will go on increasing in circulation and influence. But how rapid would be its improvement and increase if all these new-comers would imitate the good example of this good lady from Chicago. Let us take hold together, and feel that we have a common interest here, and make the Christian institutions of this sunny land what they ought to be. Mr. Moody said, the other day, when passing through this city, "How is THE PACIFIC prospering? You have increased the circulation very much by this large influx of good people who have come to your Coast." "Yes," we replied, "we have a larger list of subscribers, but nothing like what it ought to be."

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

At the usual meeting of the Monday Club Rev. W. F. Bickford gave an interesting "Review of the Report of the Seybert Commission on Modern Spiritualism." Among the visitors were Rev. Dr. Chas. C. Creagan, Field Secretary A. B. C. F. M., and K. A. Burnell, the evangelist. The semi-annual elections were held, and Rev. J. A. Cruzan was elected Chairman, Rev. George Morris re-elected Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. Dr. Benton, Rev. Dr. Pond and S. S. Smith re-elected Executive Committee.

Rev. Dr. Creagan and Evangelist Burnell have been invited to address the Club on "Foreign Missions" next Monday.

UPPER BAY CONFERENCE.—Do not forget that the Upper Bay Conference will meet in Vacaville on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. All the churches in this Conference will please take note, and elect and send their delegates.

GEORGE MORRIS, Registrar.

There were thirteen additions to the First church in this city last Sabbath, seven on profession and six by letter. Pastor Barrows preached on "The Eucharist." At night his theme was "Before the Battle." The newly organized work at Desidero street opens encouragingly.

At Plymouth church Rev. Dr. Creagan presented the subject of "Foreign Missions." At night there was a praise service. In the afternoon the new chapel on Union street was opened. General O. O. Howard, S. F. Bufford and Rev. W. H. Scudder delivered addresses.

"Man's Duty on Election Day" was Rev. J. A. Cruzan's subject at the Third church. The twenty-sixth anniversary of the Sunday-school was held at night. "Civil Elections and the Divine Election" was the theme on which Rev. Dr. Pond preached at Bethany church. At night Rev. Dr. Cray, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, filled the pulpit, Rev. Dr. Pond being at the Chinese Mission, where about one hundred partook of the Lord's Supper.

"The Reception of Christ on His Return to Heaven" was Chaplain Rowell's topic. "Cursed Be the Deceiver" was the subject at night. One person united with the church by letter.

At the First church, Oakland, Rev. Dr. McLean preached a sermon to young Christians, taking for his text, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." Mr. F. H. Adams, who expects to enter upon gospel work in Susanville, occupied the pulpit at night.

Five persons were added to Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland, last Sabbath.

Four persons joined the Alameda church at the communion last Sabbath.

At Lorin Rev. W. F. Bickford preached upon "Faith." At night, his subject was "Dives and Lazarus." The attendance at the Young People's meeting is increasing.

Rev. Dr. Warren spent last Sabbath in Crockett.

Rev. J. Spencer Voorhees was at Martinez last Sunday.

"Civil Liberty Dependent Upon Protestant Christianity" was Dr. Willey's topic in Benicia, Sabbath evening.

The Congregational churches at Lockeford and Lodi are also without pastors, both ministers having sent in their resignations some weeks since.

Rev. J. A. Jones' subject last Sabbath at Tipton and Alila was, "The Great Blessings and Elevating Influences of the Divine Lamp of Revelation" (Psa. cxix: 105).

The Rev. G. M. Spencer, who has very satisfactorily filled the term of his engagement with the Congregational church at Gilroy, leaves his work there this week. His address for the present will be San Francisco, Cal.

The Congregational church in Turlock is progressing rapidly to completion. It will be completed by the 15th of November, and be dedicated as soon thereafter as can be arranged for. This church is a very cosy structure, with seating capacity for 200 people, 28x50 feet, costing \$3,000.

L. N. B. Mr. A. L. Barber of the class of '67, Oberlin College, pledges five thousand dollars to the Fairchild Professorship, provided the whole fund of \$50,000 be secured. It seems to us every old student and all the many friends of the famous institution will gladly take some share rather than have the work stop there three-fifths done. General G. W. Shurtleff is treasurer.

E. S. W. Two by letter and one by profession of faith united with the Sonoma church on Sunday last, November 4, 1888.

PUBLICATION OF THE MINUTES.—Offerings for this fund have been received as follows: Bethany church, San Francisco, \$21; Hydesville and Rohnerville, \$5; Saratoga, \$4.70. H. H. Winkler, Chairman of the Com.

Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams of Tulare issued a printed letter to all the members of his church, inviting them to the communion last Sabbath. The roll of membership was called, in order that the members might become better known to one another. Three adults united with the church. Subject in the morning, "Seeing Things Rightly"; text, "Do is in remembrance of Me." Subject in the evening, "A Lesson from Politics"; text, "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."

Rev. Henry Frank of Jamestown, N. Y., has accepted the call of the Petaluma church to become its pastor; he is expected to be on the ground very soon.

SAN JOSE W. C. T. U.—The Young Women's Christian Temperance Union of San Jose was organized, Oct. 30th, by Mrs. Sturtevant Peet of Oakland. After an interesting address by Mrs. Peet thirty-two young ladies signed the Constitution and By-laws. The officers for the ensuing year were elected and other business transacted. The Union will hold its meetings on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

Rev. R. H. Thomas on last Sunday week presented his resignation as acting pastor of the church at Galt, to take effect December 1st. Any churches wishing to correspond with him with reference to pulpit supply can address him at Galt until that date. The last *Galt Gazette* says: "During the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas in our midst they have labored zealously to advance the cause of religion, and have made many warm friends both in and out of the church. The officers have not yet decided who the reverend gentleman's successor will be."

There were good audiences at Pescadero last Sabbath. Three joined the church—one by letter, and two on confession of faith. Many were present at the table of the Lord. In the evening, Pastor Taylor's subject referred especially to the book called "Robert Elsmere." "Of the sixth session of the Santa Clara Association, held in this place, I will say, in short terms, that the meetings were highly approved of here, and that at no time in the history of Pescadero has so much interest been evinced. We were specially taken with the addresses on the last evening of the meetings."

Seven united with the Fresno church last Sabbath. There was a large audience, and the church was much encouraged by the accession of strength. Twenty-three have united during the year, and we hope soon for others. The foundation of a parsonage that will cost nearly three thousand dollars has also been laid, and the work will be pushed rapidly forward. The Armenians have a service of their own, and the new Scandinavian church has services at 3 o'clock in our church. We have now a German, a Scandinavian and an American Congregational church, and if the Armenians continue to come so rapidly, it may be wise soon that they have a separate organization. The city grows very rapidly, and all our churches should prosper.

E. G. C.

The First church, Monrovia, Los Angeles county, which was recognized by council December 1, 1887, with twenty members, had grown to forty at its last communion. It has continued to hold its services in Barnes Hall, but has a chapel 26x40 feet, now in process of building. The Ladies' Aid Society connected with the church is raising funds to pay for the building material, and the work is contributed by mechanics. There is a "King's Household" working "in his name" in the different lines of church effort, and the outlook for the church is full of hope and promise. Its pastor, Rev. Dr. S. Colcord, is a most indefatigable worker, and by his Christian zeal and tact bids fair to do a grand work for Christ and his cause in the town and vicinity.

COM. OTHER DENOMINATIONS. PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. W. H. Clegett is holding Evangelistic services in Visalia. The indebtedness of \$20,000 on St. John's church has been fully paid.

Rev. H. C. Gillingham has been received by the Presbytery of Stockton from Council Bluffs.

EPISCOPAL.—Rev. Mr. Lines, formerly of this State, has accepted a rectorship in New York city.—Increased life is manifested in the Riverside and Centerville churches.

METHODIST.—Bishop William Taylor of Africa delivered the address at the Sabbath afternoon meeting of the Y. M. C. A. In the evening he preached in Dr. Jewell's church. On Tuesday he leaves for New York, and from there will return to his field of labor.

PIERCE-STREET CHAPEL.

The children and people connected with what has been known as the Fillmore-street and the North Union Sunday-school, but which will, probably, be known hereafter as the Pierce-street school, had a good day last Sunday. They and their friends came to the new chapel on the corner of Pierce and Green streets, and filled it full and entered heartily into the exercises, recited psalms and sung with all their might, and rejoiced together in having a place of their own in which to meet and worship and learn the will of God. General Howard gave an address that the children will remember, for he led them to repeat over several times the one thing he would fasten in their minds—stand up for Jesus, think for Jesus, speak for Jesus, act for Jesus. Pastor Scudder and others made excellent remarks. The chapel is in a spot where it will be a center for a large population, and it is hoped and expected that this Sunday-school will soon grow into a church that will need a larger building, which will be built on the premises between the chapel and Pierce streets. Frank N. Eckley, John F. Cole and David M. Gove, Trustees, have a deed of the property in trust for the school and church that may grow out of it.

Slander finds an easy entrance to ignoble minds.

FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

The Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society, connected with the First church of this city, held their annual meeting on October 20th. After devotional exercises, very interesting letters were read from two foreign missionary ladies—Mrs. Holbrook of Africa and Miss Hooper of Japan. From the annual report of the Secretary, Mrs. H. L. Templeton, the following is quoted:

"We have had eight meetings during the year, the last one June 6th. The interest manifested has been much greater than in former years, and the attendance much larger. The principal means of bringing this about has been the different subjects and topics of study that have occupied a good portion of our time at each meeting. The first of these was a paper prepared by Miss M. A. Hodgdon, on 'Japan,' at our meeting in November of last year. This was followed by a paper on 'China' by Mrs. Robert Jones in December. Mrs. Frank M. Warren presented the 'Home Missionary Work' of our own State. The work in Turkey was presented by Mrs. Daniel Staver, who, with her husband, Rev. Daniel Staver, were missionaries there for several years. 'Southern Africa' was given by Mrs. F. E. Beach, and 'Western Africa' by Mrs. H. L. Templeton. Full discussion always followed the reading of these papers, in which all the members present were invited to join. From this one point of view, the past year was certainly very helpful, and gives us broader views of foreign missions, and we trust we will be stimulated to more earnest work in the future."

The whole amount raised by this Society for the year was \$197.—\$87 from the ladies, \$80 from the Girls' Helping Hand Society, \$5 from the Boys' Mission Band, and \$25 from sundry sources. Of the total sum, \$25 was sent to South Africa, \$65 used for home mission purposes, and the remainder sent to Kioto, Japan.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows: President, Mrs. F. E. Beach; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Robert Jones and Miss Lena Hargren; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank M. Warren; Secretary, Mrs. H. L. Templeton; Directors—Mrs. M. C. George, Mrs. Charles L. Fay, Mrs. M. J. Morse and Mrs. W. P. Jones. The sum of \$18 was sent to the new church at Hillsboro as a thank-offering. It is the plan to try and get Mrs. Staver to give a lecture on Turkey in native costume. The next meeting will be held in the church parlors, and the other Congregational churches of the city and vicinity will be invited to unite in a missionary social.

On last Monday evening, at the regular monthly business meeting of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society of the First church, preliminary steps were taken towards the creation of a society for "organized charity." To that end, five delegates, with the pastor, were appointed to confer with the other Christian Endeavor Societies of the city. A general meeting of all the delegates will be held on the 9th inst. The idea in the formation of this society is to place churches in need of help in a condition to earn a living for themselves.

From the annual report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of Washington Territory, it is learned that the entire sum raised for school purposes for the year ending June 30th was \$505,885, of which the total expended for all purposes was \$364,723—of this \$239,588 was paid to teachers—leaving a balance on hand of \$154,790. The average salary paid male teachers was \$49.69; females, \$37.80; number children enrolled in public schools, 36,673; in private schools, 3,455; number not attending school, 13,002; number in Territory of school age, 59,833; total number in the Territory under 21 years of age, 83,679; total number of teachers employed, 1,285, of whom 312 are females; the average number of months' school has been 4.64-100 months. During the year, 106 schoolhouses have been erected, and 19 teachers' institutes held. Number school districts in the Territory, 1,050; number schoolhouses, 926; number graded schools, 40. The Superintendent, in summing up, says, "The progress of our schools is commensurate with that of the general development of the Territory." Of all the counties, King county takes the banner, having 7,383 children on the rolls. It pays \$29,973 to teachers.

Mr. Noel H. Jacks, traveling Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Society of the Pacific Northwest, spent the past week with the Association at Spokane Falls, W. T. Good words are heard from them of his helpfulness in their work. He will spend one week with the Association at Walla Walla, W. T., and it is hoped that his experience, as well as his love of the work, will be the means used by God to put the work for young men by young men in that city into good running order.

Rev. H. V. Rominger of the East Portland (Holladay's addition) church delivered a very interesting lecture last Friday night to a large audience on "Alaska, the Wonderland of the North." The lecture was founded upon the personal observations of Mr. Rominger while making a tour in Alaska, and was illustrated at various points by photographic views illuminated by a lime light, which was in charge of Mr. George M. Weister, an accomplished photographer, who also made a tour of Alaska last year. This is the first of a series of lectures to be given before this church during the coming winter.

Arrangements are being made and are well under way for a harvest concert at

the First church on or about Thanksgiving time. It bids fair to be a pronounced success.

Last Sunday evening special services were had in the interest of the Oregon Humane Society, a very worthy organization, and one which is doing a good deal in the way of educating public opinion to better and more elevating ideas upon humanity to dumb animals, as well as to our own kind. A most excellent sermon was given by Pastor Clapp upon this occasion, his text being Genesis xlix: 5-7.

To-day Mr. Clapp preached upon "The Duty We Owe to Our Country." The Scripture reading was Rom. xiii, and his text Judges xx: 8. He referred to the national election now about to take place. It was a mighty, but peaceful, conflict—not between right and wrong, but of honest judgment. The scene was an impressive one. He spoke in no partisan sense, but urged upon every one that it was not only a patriotic, but the religious duty of every American citizen to take part in every election, whether local or general. He regarded the present election as an honest attempt by an honest people to solve the problems of government. Can we deplore the time and energy spent in the discussions preceding such a time? No, a thousand times no! It might interfere with other duties for the time being, but the question of good government was of paramount importance, and it was a vital religious duty to discuss to the fullest extent all questions bearing upon the methods by which we, as a people, shall be governed. True religion urged upon every patriotic man that he should take part in this conflict. All should be politicians for the time being. There were great questions at stake. The sober and honest sense of the people must be brought out. Every man must have the privilege to vote as he pleases, without any interference whatever. There must be personal purity in office. The system of pledging places of patronage for votes must be broken up, and all abuses in governmental affairs must be corrected if we, as a nation, would attain the proud position we aspire to among the people of earth. A large audience was present, and the sermon, which was earnest, effective and patriotic throughout, was listened to with the closest attention.

Nov. 4, 1888. HISME.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL W. C. T. U.

NEW YORK, OCT. 19-23.

For days, representatives of over 250,000 women, from nearly all States and Territories—Alaska included—had turned their faces toward New York. There was poetic justice, in the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House to a body of women only, since a no less distinguished body of men lately convening within its walls felt compelled to deny admittance to women delegates. It was a most successful Convention in numbers, 405 delegates and officers being in attendance.

It is the hour of Convention, Friday morning, October 19th. The devotional services have been conducted by the well-known evangelist, Miss S. M. I. Henry, of Illinois; upon the large platform are seated Miss Willard, the National President, and by her side Mrs. Judge Thompson, "the mother of the crusade." Before them, upon the table, the old leather-covered Bible, from which the Crusade Psalm was read that memorable morning, December 23, 1873, when "the seventy" went out two by two.

Miss Willard and Mrs. Thompson are holding the old Bible, reading verse by verse with the audience the Crusade Psalm, and "Give to the winds thy fears" rolls out from the golden cornets and hundreds of voices. How different from the trembling tones of the few crusaders! After the usual preliminaries, a moment was given to welcome Neal Dow, "the Father of Prohibition."

Miss Willard's annual address was received with the closest attention, and frequent and prolonged applause. We can only quote a few sentences:

"Next to God, the greatest organizer is the mother. She who sends forth from the sanctuary of her own being a little child has organized a great spiritual world, and set it moving in the orbit of unchanging law. * * * When I graduated from college in 1859, there was not on the face of the earth, I venture to say—certainly there was not in my native land, the most progressive land of all—a national society of women. We worked on in weakness and seclusion, in loneliness and isolation. But we learned at last the gracious secret that has transformed the world for men and made them masters."

"Let us possess our souls in patience till the storm be over-passed, confident that those who begin where we began, with personal prohibition, will, at a day not far distant, see that national prohibition is the necessary sequel of the law they have made unto themselves, on the principle that what is morally wrong can never be legally right; what is legally wrong can never be politically right."

The Convention adjourned at the close of the address, and lunch was served in the building to the entire delegation.

The Corresponding Secretary's report, and that of the Treasurer, showed growth in all the work. The forty national departments were reported by their superintendents in different sessions. Those on Friday were Heredity, Health, Kindergarten, Scientific Temperance Instruction, Sunday-school, Juvenile Work, Temperance in Schools of Higher Ed-

ucation, Franchise, Parlor Meetings, Temperance Literature, Suppression of Impure Literature. There are sixteen free kindergartens in the United States, under the care of the W. C. T. U. Twenty-five States and all Territories have secured to the children in all public schools scientific temperance instruction. Two hundred thousand pledged children belong to the Loyal Temperance Legions.

Friday evening was the crowning hour of the Convention, with welcomes from the Mayor of New York city, General Fisk and Mrs. Burt, the President of New York W. C. T. U. The Mayor thought it took no courage to welcome us, since no society organized upon an opposite basis—"for the promotion of intemperance"—would find a single member. General Fisk drew a happy comparison between Bartholdi's Statue and the W. C. T. U. "The marble woman's face is turned toward the sea, away from our 40,000 saloons. You statues of flesh and blood stand face to face." Mrs. Livermore was never more eloquent.

Rev. Bishop Samuel Fallows of Chicago preached in the evening to a large audience on "The Ecclesiastical Emancipation of Women," from Gal. iii: 28. The all-important matter of Monday morning was the election of officers. Miss Willard received 260 votes out of 294, and the other general officers were as unanimously chosen. We look from the fifth gallery upon the scene as Miss Willard is introduced for the tenth time as President of the National W. C. T. U. The entire building—platform, circle, and galleries—packed, and the air a sea of waving handkerchiefs.

It was truly as one said, "The National Convention went West to grow, and came to New York while yet even the magnificent Opera House could hold its numbers."

ESTHER T. HOUSH, National Superintendent Pres.

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Portiere Curtains, at \$3.50, \$5, \$7.50, 10 00 "
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Children's Corner.

ONLY.

Something to live for came to the place,
Something to die for, may be,
Something to give even sorrow a grace,
And yet it was only a baby!

Cooling and laughter and gurgles and cries,
Dimples for tenderest kisses,
Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs,
Chaos of fears and of blisses.

Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn;
This year a wilderness, may be;
But Heaven stooped under the roof on the morn

That it brought there only a baby.
—Barrett Prescott Spofford, in the Home-Maker.

THE STORY OF AN EXILE.

The following from the November Century is one of the most touching stories that Mr. Kennan has yet told of the fate of Siberian exiles: "To me perhaps the most attractive and sympathetic of the Tomsk exiles was the Russian author, Felix Volkofski, who was banished to Siberia for life in 1878, upon the charge of 'belonging to a society that intends, at a more or less remote time in the future, to overthrow the existing form of government.' He was about 38 years of age at the time I made his acquaintance, and was a man of cultivated mind, warm heart, and high aspirations. He knew English well, was familiar with American history and literature, and had, I believe, translated into Russian many of the poems of Longfellow. He spoke to me with great admiration, I remember, of Longfellow's 'Arsenal at Springfield,' and recited it to me aloud. He was one of the most winning and lovable men that I have ever known; but his life had been a terrible tragedy. His health had been shattered by long imprisonment in the fortress of Petropavlovsk; his hair was prematurely white; and, when his face was in repose, there seemed to be an expression of profound melancholy in his dark brown eyes. I became intimately acquainted with him and very warmly attached to him; and, when I bade him good-bye for the last time on my return from Eastern Siberia in 1886, he put his arms around me and kissed me, and said, 'George Ivanovitch, please don't forget us! In bidding you good-bye, I feel as if something were going out of my life that would never again come into it.'

"Since my return to America I have heard from Mr. Volkofski only once. He wrote me last winter a profoundly sad and touching letter, in which he informed me of the death of his wife by suicide. He himself had been thrown out of employment by the suppression of the liberal Tomsk newspaper, the Siberian Gazette; and his wife, whom I remember as a pale, delicate, sad-faced woman, 25 or 30 years of age, had tried to help him support their family of young children by giving private lessons and by taking in sewing. Anxiety and overwork had finally broken down her health; she had become an invalid, and in a morbid state of mind, brought on by unhappiness and disease, she reasoned herself into the belief that she was an incubus, rather than a help, to her husband and her children, and that they would ultimately be better off if she were dead. A little more than a year ago she put an end to her unhappy life by shooting herself through the head with a pistol. Her husband was devotedly attached to her; and her death, under such circumstances, and in such a way, was a terrible blow to him. In his letter to me he referred to a copy of James Russell Lowell's poems that I had caused to be sent to him, and said that in reading 'After the Burial' he vividly realized for the first time that grief is of no nationality; the lines, although written by a bereaved American, expressed the deepest thoughts and feelings of a bereaved Russian. He sent me with his letter a small, worn, leather match-box, which had been given by Prince Pierre Krapotkin to his exiled brother Alexander; and which Volkofski had in turn presented to his wife a short time before her death. He hoped, he said, that it would have some value to me, on account of its association with the lives of four political offenders, all of whom I had known. One of them was a refugee in London, another was an exile in Tomsk, and two had escaped the jurisdiction of the Russian Government by taking their own lives.

"I tried to read Volkofski's letter aloud to my wife; but, as I recalled the high character and loving personality of the writer, and imagined what this last blow of fate must have been to such a man—in exile, in broken health, and with a family of helpless children dependent upon him—the written lines vanished in a mist of tears, and, with a choking in my throat, I put the letter and the little match-box away.

"The Tsar may whiten the hair of such men as Felix Volkofski in the silent bomb-proof casemates of the fortress, and he may send them in gray convict overcoats to Siberia; but a time will come, in the providence of God, when their names will stand higher than his on the roll of history, and when the record of their lives and sufferings will be a source of heroic inspiration to all Russians who love liberty and their country."

COURTESY BETWEEN HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

I have often thought that one very fertile cause of unhappy marriages was the lack of courtesy between husbands and

wives. It is quite too much the custom to regard the conventional etiquette as absurd between two people so closely allied; but I like to see the man who takes his hat off as scrupulously on parting with his wife in the street as if she were an acquaintance of yesterday, who would no more answer her brusquely than he would reply carelessly to his hostess at a reception. I will make a confession; we are very fond of fine manners, we women, and of little graceful attentions, and I am sadly afraid that the worthiest of his sex, who had a careless and indifferent way of treating us, would stand small chance of holding our hearts beside some easy-going sinner, far less valuable as a citizen, who said tender and pretty things to us and never forgot when it was the anniversary of his wedding-day. However "mildly but firmly," as Bret Harte says, Mr. Rawjester may throw his candlestick at our heads, we should like him better if he politely lighted our candle and held the door open for us.

I believe it is so with men also, and that the embodiment in one grand creature of all the virtues of her sex would stand less chance of a life-long honeymoon than some genteel, persuasive she, who cared for ribbons and laces, and was just as assiduous to please after years of matrimony as in the days when her lover came to woo. It is not too great a sacrifice for love's sake, surely, to listen like a lady when one's husband speaks, even if the stories he tells have been heard before, and like wine that has been corked, have a little lost their flavor.

Why, moreover, should we grudge our words of praise to the one whom in our hearts we love best? I will imitate the frankness of Jean Jacques Rousseau in my confession of female frailties, and it is one of them to love dearly to be praised for what we do well; perhaps we even love to be praised for what we do ill, but that would be too much to expect of the most accomplished of domestic courtesies. I do not think that this love of approval is unwholesome. It seems to me it is one of the motive powers by which society is governed, and I do not believe that men possess it to one shade less a degree than we do ourselves. Indeed, I am not advocating insincerity. Flattery is a poisonous air in which no good growth can flourish; but while we are lavish in thanks and compliments to others, why should we withhold them from those who are nearest and dearest to us?—Louise Chandler Moulton.

PLAYING IN THE PUDDLES.

On the birthday of Napoleon Charles, son of Louis Napoleon and Hortense, and a child whom the Emperor Napoleon meant to make his heir, he and his mother were seated at a window in the palace which opened upon the grand avenue. A heavy shower had fallen and the avenue was full of pools of water. A group of barefooted children were out there wading in the water and playing with little chip boats. The young prince, richly dressed, in a splendid hall and surrounded by his elegant and costly birthday presents, turned carelessly away from his toys and watched the children with eager interest.

"So, then, my son," said his mother, "you are not grateful for your presents."

"Oh, yes," replied the young prince, "but I am so used to toys. Look at those little boys, mamma."

"Do you wish for money to give them?"

"Papa gave me enough this morning."

"Well, what ails you, my child? What do you want?"

"Oh," said the young prince, hesitatingly, "I know you won't let me, but if I could go out and play in those beautiful puddles, it would amuse me a hundred times more than all my elegant presents."

So the real enjoyments are not always the most costly, and the children of the poor may have pleasures which the children of the rich are debarred from.—Ex.

SPEAK TO THE STRANGER.

In one of his characteristic speeches, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes of the English Wesleyan Conference narrated the following incident, which is not without significant application to the wide world over: "In a Methodist chapel in Dublin a good Methodist took a pew, and, for a whole year, no one spoke to him in the chapel. At last he decided to give them one more chance, and if no one spoke to him the next time he went to the chapel, he made up his mind never to go again. He put himself in people's way to get them to speak, but without success. At length, with a heavy heart, he took his hat and was turning to leave the pew, when a man in the next pew put out his hand and grasped the hand of his neighbor heartily, saying, 'Good morning, sir.' The good man was astounded, and in much stammering, informed the gentleman who had accosted him that he had been to that chapel for a year, and had determined never to go again unless he were spoken to that day. The other replied that he, too, had been in that pew next to him for twelve months without being acknowledged, and he had resolved that if nobody shook hands with him that day, he would shake somebody's hand instead. That brother made a good resolve.—Exchange.

Countess Tolstoi, wife of the Russian novelist and reformer, does not sympathize with her husband's extreme religious views; and, it is said, threatens, if he attempts to carry out his plans of selling all that he has and giving the money to the poor, to ask for an official investigation of his sanity.

GLEANINGS.

I have been benefited by praying for others; for making an errand to God for them, I have got something for myself.—Rutherford.

Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware.

Much of the glory and sublimity of truth is connected with its mystery. To understand everything we must be as God.—Tyron Edwards.

There is something for man to do. God's almightiness is sent to us as a pledge—not that it may do everything for us, but that it may awaken our strength and call up every energy we possess, and consecrate it to the high and solemn service of the great Lord. Do thy best. If thou canst not fly, flutter; if thou canst not run, crawl. He will make it all up to thee, only do thy little share.—Parker.

Princess Eugenie of Sweden, sacrificed her family jewels to build a hospital upon an island off the coast, where poor cripples might be nursed and healed. Her brother, the king, thought her crazy to sell all the crown jewels that had fallen to her share. But they were to her the unused motor, that, properly applied and connected with benevolent work, might yet set in motion a thousand blessed wheels of help and healing.

Richard Weaver, in one of his addresses, said: "I have heard of a wealthy man who spent his whole life simply gathering gold. But his last moments came, and when one tried to speak to him of Christ, he cried for his money to be brought in and put under his pillow. His wish was at once obeyed, but as his head tossed wearily on the bags of gold, it was evident he was getting no satisfaction from them. Money is a hard pillow to die on. Jesus can make your death-bed easy."

"Be still and know that I am God."—As we advance in holiness, we come to a point where we drop not only secular, but religious gossip and gabbling, usitiveness, arguing, debate, theological hair-splitting and excessive talkativeness, just as trees put out less foliage when full of fruit. "Be still and know." Self-knowledge hinders us from the true deep knowing of God. The chatter of our intellectual machinery deafens our spiritual ears from hearing the all-explaining and satisfying voice of the Holy Spirit.—G. D. Watson.

In the persistence of our Lord's purposes, and the constancy of His love, we have great comfort. His ways are long. His plans are not affected by the events which break our years. What we name death is a change in our life, not in His intention or promise. We are to keep this in mind, that we may understand Him and order our thoughts wisely. One of our greatest mistakes is in attempting to confine His promises within the brief spaces of our life. It is not the highest doctrine, but it is a serviceable principle—the doctrine of waiting. Let us be honorable with God, and be still while His work is incomplete.—Alex McKenzie.

Old Bunyan, in that inimitable allegory of his, calls it "A right Jerusalem blade," and says, "Let a man have one of these blades, with a hand to hold it, and a skill to use it, and he may venture upon an angel with it. He need not fear its holding if he can but tell how to lay on. It will cut through flesh, and bone, and soul, and spirit, and all." And it is true to-day as ever. With this Gospel in his hands a man becomes omnipotent. "All things are possible to him." There may be little in the man, but there is plenty in the book, and armed with this all-sufficient weapon he will dare and do deeds great and glorious, as the stripling shepherd who with stone and sling overthrew the giant soldier with his helmet of brass and spear like a weaver's beam.—Zion's Herald.

For our guide in life we want something that our passions or fancies cannot alter, our fingers cannot touch; as we need not a mechanical instrument alone, but the north star and the sidereal time of the heavens, to direct us on an earthly voyage. Conscience, independent of religion, of God's will, is not enough; all history, in every land, shows it is not enough. It is but like a lantern on the vessel's mast, casting a little light around, but swaying and turning with every motion of the waves, or eclipsed by the tempest and incapable of illumining the whole course. The sailor must look beyond his candle to the steady, ever-shining pole. And while we move in the varying light of our own mind, and keep that inner, indispensable lamp carefully trimmed and burning, we must supply its deficiencies from the bright, high oracles of God in Jesus Christ.—C. A. Bartol.

HINTS ON DISINFECTATION.

The following is from "Disease Germs and How to Combat Them," by Lucius Pitkin, in the Century:

1. Corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), sulphate of copper, and chloride of lime, are among our best disinfectants, the first two being poisonous. At wholesale drug houses in New York single pounds can be obtained, mercuric chloride costing 75 cents, the others 10 cents a pound.

2. A quarter of a pound of corrosive sublimate and a pound of sulphate of copper in a gallon of water makes a concentrated solution to keep in stock. We will refer to it as "solution A."

3. For the ordinary disinfecting solution add half a pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water. This, while costing

less than a cent and a half per gallon, is a good strength for general use. Use in about equal quantity in disinfecting choleraic or typhoid fever excreta.

4. A four per cent. solution of good chloride of lime, or a quarter of a pint of "solution A," to a gallon of water, is used to wash wood-work, floors, and wooden furniture, after fumigation and ventilation.

5. For fumigating with sulphur, three to four pounds should be used to every thousand cubic feet air space. Burn in an old tin basin floating in a tub of water; keep room closed twelve hours, to allow the fumes to penetrate all cracks. Then open a window from the outside, and allow fumes to escape into air.

6. Soak sheets, etc., in chloride of lime solution, wring out, and boil.

7. Cesspools, etc., should be well covered on top with a mixture of chloride of lime with ten parts of dry sand.

8. Isolate the patient in an upper room, from which curtains, carpets and stuffed furniture have been removed.

9. The solution of mercuric chloride must not be placed in metal vessels, since the mercury would plate them.

USES OF THE LEMON.

Lemonade from the juice of the lemon is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable for all stomach diseases, gravel, liver complaint, inflammation of the bowels and fever. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but prevents it. Sailors make daily use of it for this purpose. I advise every one to rub their gums with lemon juice to keep them in good condition. The hands and nails are kept clean, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains.

Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with cut lemon. It is valuable to cure warts and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. It will alleviate and finally cure coughs and head diseased lungs, if taken hot on going to bed at night. Its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally the better we shall find ourselves. Lemon juice is useful in removing tartar from the teeth, anti-febrile, etc. A doctor in Rome is trying it experimentally in malarial fever with great success, and thinks it will in time supersede quinine.—Boston Traveler.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

Psalm xc speaks of God being our "dwelling-place," while Psalm xcix, 10, show us the blessedness of those who choose God as their "habitation." God is ready, but it is the Christian's privilege to make deliberate choice of him for a habitation. The question arises for solemn consideration, Have I made God my habitation? Do I abide in him continually, only entering into the world and the things of the world as duty or business compels me, and returning, delightedly, to the shelter of the everlasting arms? If so the 91st Psalm, so rich with blessings, is all for me. On the other hand, am I making the world my dwelling-place, and becoming so wrapped up in its cares and pleasures and affections that I have leisure only for brief and formal visits to God? Where the heart is there the home is. If we do not acknowledge God in all our ways, we are in danger of forgetting him. It is the Christian's privilege to live so that there may be no doubt as to where his habitation is, to abide so in him that all who take notice of us may know we have "been with Jesus."—Herald and Presbyter.

ALCOHOL AND CRIME.—In a recent communication to the Paris Academy of Medicine on alcoholism and criminality, M. Marmahat stated that in examining the history of three thousand condemned persons he found that of vagabonds and beggars there were seventy-nine per cent. who were confirmed drunkards; that of assassins and incendiaries there were from fifty to fifty-seven per cent.; those convicted of indecent assaults, fifty-three per cent.; thieves, swindlers, etc., seventy-one per cent.; and finally, in acts of violence on persons there were eighty-eight per cent. drunkards, and seventy-nine per cent. in acts of violence on property. Among youths under twenty years of age, drunkards are nearly as great in number as adults, the difference being only ten per cent.

A GOOD KIND OF PROXY.—Dr. Edward Judson, in a recent speech on the subject of missions, commended to the audience the example of Stonewall Jackson, who, from the thick of the field of second Bull Run, sent to his pastor at home a letter, which, upon being opened, contained these words: "I remember that next Sabbath is the day upon which collection is taken for foreign missions. Inclosed find my check." The audience applauded this story of "Stonewall" with loud and long hand-clapping. "The grand old soldier knew that there was a greater conflict being waged than that in which he was engaged—the conflict between truth and error."—Christian Intelligence.

Can it be that there is aught superior to faith—a sight, a vision? Can there flash from above some ray that should give more light to certain men than to certain others? And, during the broad day of life, will God, out the deep cloud, manifest himself to some few? But even if that could be, who would dare to flatter himself that he had this illumination.—Joubert.

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Great strength and durability is another advantage. In other pianos holes are bored in wooden boards and tuning pins inserted. The pins turn round in this board and cannot stand permanently in tune, and it often cracks, splits, dries out, becoming utterly, totally and entirely worthless as a musical instrument. Our steel tuning device is in no way affected by such casualties, and the sounding board is constructed that the piano can never become thin or metallic in tone. They are always in tune and the expense of tuning is saved. This patent alone is worth millions and makes our piano the greatest in the world. Prices are no higher than other pianos. Buying direct from us, the largest manufacturers, you save \$100 or \$200—Dealers' profits. Don't mind the ominous growlings of dealers and agents, who see their chances of selling a poor piano at a big profit of \$200—slipping away—pity them!

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DISEASES AND SURGERY OF THE

Miscellany.

THE MASTER AND THE REAPERS.

The master called to his reapers:
"Make scythes and sickle keen,
And bring me the grain from the uplands;
And from off of the mist-clad mashes,
Where the salt waves fret and foam,
Ye shall gather the rustling sedges
To furnish the harvest-home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master,
We will bring thee the yellow grain
That waves on the windy hillside,
And the tender grass from the plain;
But that which springs on the marshes
Is dry and harsh and thin,
Unlike the sweet field grasses,
So we will not gather it in."

But the master said: "O foolish!
For many a weary day,
Through storm and drought, ye have labored
For the grain and the fragrant hay.
The generous earth is fruitful,
And breezes of summer blow
Where these, in the sun and the dews of
heaven,
Have ripened soft and slow."

"But out on the wide bleak marsh-land
Hath never a plow been set,
And with rapine and rage of hungry waves
The shivering soil is wet.
There flower the pale green sedges,
And the tides that ebb and flow,
And the biting breath of the sea-wind,
Are the only care they know."

"They have drunken of bitter waters,
Their food hath been sharp sea-sand,
And yet they have yielded a harvest
Unto the master's hand.
So shall ye all, O reapers,
Honor them now the more,
And garner in gladness, with songs of praise,
The grass from the desolate shore."
—Harper's Magazine.

WHERE WAS "THE PLACE CALLED CALVARY"?

From an illustrated article under the above title by Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson in the November *Century* we quote the following: "The only representative site for Calvary offered pilgrims in Jerusalem is found in a couple of rooms inside the old edifice; one is owned and exhibited by the Greeks, another by the Latins. These share the same disability; both—since the church is already so full of traditions on the ground floor—had to go up a flight of stairs into free space nearer the roof. And there it is, amidst tawdry curtains and gilt bezels of candles and altar-shrines, that this ancient spot upon which the cross of Jesus Christ rested is pointed out, and the veritable hole is shown in which it was planted. And the thieves' crosses—a decorous but rather inadequate distance of five feet between them on the right and left of the middle one—are ranged alongside. And down underneath, far below, across some intervening space left by grading away the actual soil of the hill, so we are sagely told, is the grave of Adam. Tradition has related that at the crucifixion of Jesus some drops of blood fell through upon Adam's skull and raised him suddenly to life; and there are commentators who declare that for the prophecy quoted by apostle Paul (Ephesians v: 14) was well fulfilled: 'Awake, thou Adam that sleepest [for thus the former versions read in the text], and arise from the dead, for Christ shall touch thee.' The art-people say that this is the origin of the fact that in those early rude representations of the death of our Lord a skull is introduced. "Can any man of sensibility be blamed if he makes an imperious demand that something more—something else, at least—shall greet him in answer to his question, Where was our Lord crucified? If there should be no other advantage gained by the acceptance of a new site as now proposed, this would be enough; it would put an end to the awkward and offensive impostures daily exhibited under the roof of that filthy old church. They are a standing mockery of the claims of the Christianity they profess to uphold. Those ceremonies of Easter at the tomb where our Lord is declared to have been buried are a caricature of an event so glad and holy. The struggle around the flames that are chemically forced out of the smoky hole in the sepulcher, so that the devotees in frantic zeal may light their lamps, brings death from the trampling of thousands, fills the house with howls that puts heathenism to shame, and sends true believers away with infinite disgust and horror deep in their hearts. How long must such a scandal be patiently endured?"

AN OSTRICH RACE.

Dr. J. C. Sketchley, near Los Angeles, California, has sixty acres devoted to ostriches, having imported thirty pairs of these birds directly from Africa, landing them at Galveston, Texas. He also brought with them four Medrasse men and women, these people being thoroughly familiar with the habits of the ostrich. An eye-witness gives the following account of an ostrich race:

At a command from the doctor, one of the Medrasse keepers opened the door of one of the pens, and in response to the doctor's call, two superb ostriches came running to him. After caressing the gentle creatures for a few moments, he showed them a handful of figs, of which they are extremely fond. Two of his men then restrained the birds by placing nooses about their legs until he and myself had walked to the other end of the course. Then, at a signal from the doctor, the birds were released, and the race began. It was a rare sight. Ornithologists tell us that the stride of the ostrich, when feeding, is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking, but not feeding, twenty-six inches; and when terrified, from eleven and one-half to fourteen feet.

It seemed to me, in this race for a

handful of figs from their master, these gigantic birds covered the last-named distance at every stride. Like the wind they came, their great necks stretched forward and upward to their utmost length, their wings, like arms, working with a motion similar to that made by their legs, and filling the air with mighty sound like the rushing of a whirlwind. Nearer and nearer they came, their speed increasing with every moment, till I was almost terrified lest they should run us down, feeling certain that we could not withstand the shock. They kept well abreast for nearly half of the distance, and then one began to forge ahead. He steadily increased his lead till within a few feet of us, when he turned his head, and seeing that his competitor was considerably in the rear, he slackened his pace, and jogging up to the doctor, received his reward in figs and caresses.—*Providence Journal*.

CLINTON B. FISK ON REFORM.

Nothing can resist the onward march of a genuine reform. Every such movement enters into and becomes a part of the Messianic purpose to set judgment in the earth. Agitation on this question is the duty of the hour. Let it go on from press, platform and pulpit, in the prayer-meeting and at the ballot-box, until every patriot who loves his country, every Christian who loves his God, every philanthropist who loves his race, every father who loves his child, every son of the Republic, will, a marshaled host, uplift the Constitution as a banner of reform, and under its folds, march to the ballot-boxes of the land, and under an avalanche of freemen's ballots, bury, beyond resurrection, the American saloon. Then shall our whole Union become the citadel of sobriety, the national name be purged of this great shame, and our glorious banner,

"Whose hues are all of heaven,
Its red the sunset's dye;
The whiteness of the moon-lit cloud
The blue of morning sky,"

Shall be the flag of hope for all mankind, as it floats over our sober, free and happy people.

"O'er the high and o'er the lowly
Floats that banner high and holy,
In the rays of freedom's sun.
In our nation's heart imbedded,
O'er our Union newly wedded,
One in all and one in one."

"Let that banner float forever;
May its lustrous stars pale never
Till the stars shall pale on high;
While there's a right wrong defeating,
While there's a faith in true hearts beating,
Truth and freedom shall not die."

"As it floated long before us,
Be it ever floating o'er us,
O'er our land from shore to shore.
There are freemen yet to wave it,
Millions who would die to save it,
Wave it, save it evermore."

A BIRD WITHOUT A NEST.

The term night-bird is commonly applied to several species, all of which have certain peculiarities. From its curious cry one is called chuck-will's-widow, the call being uttered so loudly by the bird that it has been heard for nearly a mile. About the middle of March they come back from their winter pilgrimage; and, unlike most of the birds, they have no housekeeping to keep them busy, as they build no nests. While the robin, humming-bird, thrushes and others, are busily scouring the country for material with which to build their nurseries, the chuck-will's-widow is fast asleep in some out-of-the-way corner, only coming out in the afternoon and evening to gather its supply of food.

When the time comes for laying, our seemingly-lazy bird selects some secluded spot, and deposits her eggs anywhere on the ground; and the very first glimpse, if we are fortunate in finding them at all, explains why she builds no nest. The eggs are almost the exact color of the surroundings, and so mottled and tinted that only by the merest accident they are discovered; and when the two little chuck-will's-widows finally come out they are even more difficult to find than the eggs. Being very sleepy little fellows they rarely move, and, though standing within a few inches of them, the observer might suppose them to be two old brown leaves or a bunch of brown moss, so deceiving is their mimicry.—From "How Some Birds are Cared For," by Charles Frederick Holder, in *St. Nicholas*.

MODEST NOLL AND DR. JOHNSON.

After Goldsmith had written the "Vicar of Wakefield" he rose considerably in the estimation of blunt old Dr. Johnson, who extolled the book to the skies. Goldsmith's natural modesty made the enthusiastic praise of his work exceedingly painful to him, and he invariably did his best in self-deprecation when his friend began sounding his praises.

Upon one occasion, Johnson, Boswell and Goldsmith were luncheon together in a Fleet street chop-house, when an acquaintance of Johnson's entered, and, approaching the group, grasped the Doctor's hand, and asked him how he did.

"Sir," said the Doctor, with his accustomed courtesy, "I don't." Then turning toward Goldsmith, who was trying to hide behind a bottle of Worcester-shire sauce, he roared out: "Mr. Robinson, permit me to introduce my friend Goldsmith. Goldsmith is the author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' you know."

"Indeed!" cried Robinson, with a pleased smile. "Are you the author of that delightful work?"

"No, sir, please, sir," replied Goldsmith, overcome with shame.

The effect of this reply upon Dr. Johnson may be better imagined than described.

THE WORK OF A MINUTE.

A ray of light travels 11,160,000 miles in a minute.

In the United States the telephone is used 595 times, the telegraph 136 times, in a minute.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone reaches you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In each minute in the United States, night and day, all the year round, 24 barrels of beer have to go down 12,096 throats, and 4,830 bushels of grain have come to bin.

In a minute an express train goes a mile, and a Pittsburgh street-car 32 rods; the fastest trotting horse, 147 9-13 rods; and an average pedestrian of the genus homo has got over 16 rods.

Of tobacco, 925 pounds is raised, and part of it has been used in making 6,673 cigars, and some more of it has gone up in the smoke of 2,292 cigarettes, in the United States, in one minute.

In a minute we are whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of 13 miles, and at the same time go along with the earth on its journey around the sun 1,080 miles.

Every minute 600 pounds of wool grow in this country, and we have to dig 61 tons of anthracite and 100 tons of bituminous coal, while of pig-iron we turn out 12 tons, and of steel rails 3 tons.

In sixty seconds our country makes 12 kegs of nails, 12 bales of cotton come from the fields, and 36 bushels of grain go into 149 gallons of spirits, while \$66 in gold is dug out of the earth.

In the same time the United States Mint turns out gold and silver coin to the value of \$121, and 42 acres of the public domain have been sold or given away.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

AN EFFECTIVE SERMON.

The rainy Sundays lately, says the Portland (Me.) *Advertiser*, have had rather a demoralizing effect on church congregations; but one Portland minister does not let this discourage him, having in mind a story that Dr. Payson of this city used to tell. One very stormy Sunday he went to church more from habit than because he expected to find anybody there. Just after he had stepped inside the door, an old negro came in, and asked if Dr. Payson was to preach there that day, explaining that he was a stranger in town, and had been advised to go to his church. "Upon that," said Dr. Payson, "I made up my mind to preach my sermon, if nobody else came." Nobody else did come, so the doctor preached to the choir and the old negro. Some months afterward he happened to meet the negro, and, stopping him, asked how he enjoyed the sermon that stormy Sunday. "Enjoy dat sermon," replied the old man, "I 'clar, doctor, I nebbber heard a better one. Yo' see, I had a seat pretty well up front; an' whenever yo' say some-thin' pretty hard-like 'gin de sins ob men, I'd jess look all roun' ter see who yo's a hittin', and I would see nobody on'y jess me. An' I says to m'self, 'He must mean yo, Pomp, yo's self, a dretful sinner.' Well, doctor, dat ar sermon set me a thinkin' what a big sinner I war; and I went an' jined the church down home. I'se a deacon now."

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Holding certain points in common is not basis sufficient to warrant unity among Christians of different denominations. There were divisions and strife among the twelve our Lord chose to be His disciples, until their differences were fused by the fire of Pentecost. There can be no union without deep spirituality, without Gospel sanctification, without one mind pervading all, and that the mind that was in Christ. The wranglers of creeds and doctrines are cold, lukewarm professors as a rule. The baptized pentecostal Christian has something else to do. No matter how you find him, he is sweet. If he is a Presbyterian, he will enjoy an "altar-service" in a Methodist Church, and narrate his experience as if to the manor born; if he is a Methodist, he will not feel chilled when among his Calvinistic brethren, but will stand up and pray with old-time fervor, and say "amen" to himself, whenever he sees a devil cast out, even though the disciple follows not as he believes. Denominational lines will not be obliterated until the resurrection, but the blending of spirits will ever increase. Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Ritualists will be known as such, until received into the one family of heaven—but meanwhile they will love each other with an honorable preference which will increase as the perfect day approacheth.—*Indian Witness*.

TAKE LIFE IN EARNEST.

I meet with a great many persons in the course of a year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things, and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still upon the surface—they do not touch the real depth of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversa-

tion—but I want a sign, which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whether tending, in what cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly and with as fresh a sympathy as when I was twenty years younger.—*Dr. Arnold*.

GOD'S TRUTH, OR MAN'S SHAM.

The *Christian Leader* says, and very well says: "Ever since the day of Watts, Christians have sung that 'religion is the chief concern of mortals here below.' Moses anticipated Watts in declaring to assembled Israel that the word of the Law—the religious code but just proclaimed—was more than an incident, a convenience or a comfort; it was the people's 'life.' Not simply the importance, but the supreme importance of religion, has from time immemorial been the theme of sermon and prayer and exhortation. In one particular we doubt not the agreement will be found universal; religion is all that it has been claimed to be, or else it has no importance whatever. What is called may, perhaps, be made to serve some minor use, akin, it may be, to police regulation and check; but the thing itself is supremely true, or else supremely false—it is at the top of all reality, or else at the bottom—no, not even at the bottom; it is nowhere save in the fancy of the ignorant and the deluded. It is either God's truth or man's sham. It cannot occupy any place between."

A MIGHTY MYTH.—Some time since a woman delivered a lecture in Lancaster against Christianity, in which she declared that the Gospel narrative of the life of Christ is a myth or fable. One of the mill-hands who listened to her obtained leave to ask a question. "The question," said he, "I want to ask the lady is this: Thirty years ago I was a curse to this town, and everybody shrank from me that had any respect for himself. I tried to do better, but could not succeed. The teetotallers got hold of me, but I broke the pledge so often that they said it was no use trying me any longer. Then the police got hold of me, and I was taken before the magistrates, and they tried; and next I was sent to prison, and the warders tried what they could do; but though they all tried, I was nothing better, but rather worse. Now, you say that Christ is a myth. But when I tried, and the teetotallers, the police, the magistrates and the warders of the prison all tried in vain, then Christ took hold of me, touched my heart and made me a new man. And now I ask, if Christ is a myth, how comes it to pass that that myth is stronger than all these forces put together?" The lady was silent. "Nay, miss," said he, "say what you will, the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation."

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